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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Booklegging

BOOKS, books, books, we jabber endlessly of books and writing while honest men are worrying about their losses, wives and husbands are drifting apart, food and drink are still to be paid for, and life, with death on the horizon, is rippling full to the banks. Books, newspapers, magazines, style, sense, plot, words, type, criticism—so it goes as we ruffle and strut like the water birds in the great Bronx cage who never cease their gabble because it has never occurred to them to stop.

The curse of books is on us all. Bad temper borrows its vocabulary from the comic strips and silence is the only possible resource for the sincere man in the presence of grief, for if he speaks it will inevitably be in terms learned from a lifetime of novel reading. Our brains are museums of broken relics from other men's thinking, usually labeled wrongly, and the mere answer to such a question as "What is religion?" or "Is democracy worth saving?" could be annotated like a college text with footnotes for every clause, and only an "I don't know" be original. If books and reading were forbidden, three-quarters of the population, having nothing on which to feed the imagination, might sink back to its original condition of stolidity and to be literate would once more become a distinction. Books would then be bootlegged, and the quality (unlike whiskey) might improve with rarity.

* * *

In fact the situation in literature resembles the now romantic days before prohibition. Then there was more liquor produced than could be safely consumed. Now there are more ideas in print than can possibly be assimilated. As the tables of the old cafés swarm with spilled beer, so our society is awash with fluid ideas that have run in and out of countless minds like waters through a basin. If those powerful associations of perfectibilists, who alone seem able to cope with the interests and the demagogues would attack promiscuous reading, what a gusto we would soon have for literature! We would keep a book until every drop had been drunk. The very mention of a desired volume would make the face flush and the eyes grow naughty. And like the barkeep, the bookseller would go in for booklegging, and (the first time in history) get rich.

For whatever the human race is going to do about alcohol, it cannot give up books, even if overindulgence has become a universal vice. It will break laws; it will steal them. The thirst for reading is unquenchable; it is more desperate than the love for bought liquor, because humanity cannot make its own. As long as men and women in the really important affairs of life are inexpressive; as long as any car full of seemingly commonplace people is fairly boiling with stories which by no conceivable means, except literature, can be got at; as long as a man does not understand his own wife, his own child, and least of all himself, there will have to be books to satisfy a curiosity that otherwise might tear apart civilization. It is possible that the decline and fall of the Roman Empire was due to the inability of later Rome to make books that anyone not a friend of the authors could read. The fifth century Romans grew to be dullards or busybodies (Gibbon bears this out) and could no longer support the expensive society of their ancestors.

Books, unfortunately for the weary, must be read, must be talked about, as long as it seems worth while talking at all about life.

No More of the Moon

By MORRIS BISHOP

Oh sing no more of the moon, poets,
No more of the moon,
No more of Diana the sky-huntress
And her silver shoon.

We have measured her round and through the middle,
We have weighed her mass,
And spectroscopical evidence points
To the absence of gas.

Punctual satellite, she guides
Ships to the dock;
The Sea's foreman, she teaches the tides
To punch the clock.

So sing no more of the midnight victims,
Black goats, black men,
Whose blood on the cross-road made Hecate smile
And smile again.

Have we not graphed her perturbations
And mapped her face?
Would you sacrifice to a trolley-car
On the tracks of space?

So sing no more of Selene, poets,
That faithless bride
Glimmering in Endymion's dreams
On Latmos-side.
For while you stood moon-bright with wonder
The scientists came,
Their telescopes outvisioned your dreams,
They brought you to shame,
Marvel no more, or we know you play
A child's game.

Oh sing no more of the moon, poets,
No more invoke
Pale, wild Cynthia leaping the hills
With her dragon yoke.

And sing no more of the moon, poets
No more of the moon;
But look again on the red world
Under the noon.

This Week

The Inimitable Spectator. By *David McCord.*
A History of Fortune. By *John Carter.*
Political Freethinking. By *Manfred Gottfried.*
Franco-Prussian Annals. By *Charles Downer Hazen.*
The Bowling Green. By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

Poem and Illustrations by *Vachel Lindsay.*

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The Weekly News-Magazine

On Writing a Town History

By ZEPHINE HUMPHREY

I SHOULD like, in this paper, to celebrate a variety of literary experience which is not so common as it ought to be. My own discovery of it was entirely fortuitous, and never yet anywhere have I heard its praises sung. Yet the writer who misses it misses one of the most delightful opportunities of his profession.

I refer to the writing of a town history.

Not necessarily, or preferably, the conventional kind of town history: a compilation of family records, with tables of genealogy. That is a dry-as-dust method, interesting and valuable only to the people immediately concerned. To be sure, the compiler of such a book uses the same material as the more adventurous scribe, and therefore he must know the same pleasures and surprises, make the same discoveries. But his stress is on matters of detail rather than color or flavor, and his pen labors to subdue a mass of sheer drudgery. So that he must draw a huge sigh of relief when at last his work is ended. Whereas, the writer of an informal narrative makes a regretful conclusion, knowing that never again can he and his pen and inkwell hope to have quite such a good time. The enjoyable way to write a town history is to concern one's self with the human significance of one's material. Why have so few of us realized how rich in humor and tragedy, in wisdom and oddity, all such material inevitably is?

To be sure, again, the conditions of writing a town history must be just right, and perhaps few authors are lucky enough to compass them. The town must be small. The author must have lived in it long enough to have become steeped in its atmosphere. He must love it very much.

* * *

Do many people love places? They miss a great deal if they don't. For a place is, in a very real sense, a personality, older and wiser, more variously experienced than any one of its inhabitants, partaking of the beauty and strength of the earth as well as the interest and poignancy of human life, invested with timelessness as well as mutability, a sharer in God's secrets and an interpreter of them. To love a place is to experience a mystic kind of transcendency held within definite limits and made sweetly available. Thus loving, it will be understood, the lover desires nothing so much as community of interest, and he jumps at the chance to promote the same.

I certainly jumped when it was suggested to me that I write the history of Dorset. Why,—I would begin that afternoon! (And I did, too, writing several paragraphs before I had collected any material.) The abrupt completeness of my startled response was the initial joy of the happy enterprise.

Dorset is a Vermont township of less than two thousand inhabitants. It lies in a green valley surrounded by gentle hills not untouched with grandeur. It is utterly beautiful, with an endless variety of moods that render each day of a long life in it a complete novelty. Those who live in it or frequent it know it to be the authentic center of the desirable universe. For myself, I have been its lover for thirty-odd years, and union with it has long seemed a supreme felicity. Strange that I had never understood what an identification the writing of its history would bring about.

Well, I understood at last, and, from the moment

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of the revelation, I was given over completely to the most exhilarating literary adventure I had ever had.

My methods were peculiar. In fact, I suppose, it can hardly be said that I had a definite method. Most historians approach their subjects warily, equipped with notebooks, card-catalogues, cross-indexes, and all kinds of paraphernalia for dealing with innumerable data. These data they collect and classify as completely as possible before they write a word. But I have already confessed that I wrote several paragraphs before I had made the acquaintance of a single fact, and I continued to write as fast as, if not faster, than I collected. My equipment consisted of a little old shabby address book fit for slipping into a pocket.

My desire and purpose were definite, however, if my method was not. I looked on myself as the mouthpiece of a beloved community and set myself to produce a kind of town autobiography. To this end I began my researches by visiting all the old people in the township and all those whose parents had lived to a ripe old age.

Never was there or could there have been a happier occupation. The weather favored me. After a cold, gloomy summer a marvelous autumn drew a slow series of mild, sunny days over the hills and valleys. Autumn is precisely the best season for memory, anyway. Is not November the month of the dead? I found my fellow townsmen and women more responsive than they, perhaps, would have been at any other time of the year.

But Vermonters are always addicted to ancestor lore, and the mere statement of my errand sufficed to put me at once on more intimate terms with the people I visited than any amount of casual calling could have brought about.

As I look back over the experience, certain special days stand out. There was the day I walked to East Dorset. A cold rain had fallen the night before, and when the clouds lifted, the crests of the mountains were discovered glistening with the first snow. A triumphant day, shouting with beauty. The sky was a radiant blue, thrilled through with sunlight, and the hills against it sparkled and gleamed. The air was intoxicating. Oh, glory of creation! I lost no time about setting my house in order and leaving it for the day.

* * *

Up over the shoulder of Green Peak I went, climbing slowly that I might turn often to look at the widening landscape and also that I might miss no old cellar hole beside the way, no hint of an old footpath. As fully as I could, I sloughed off the things of the present and tried to look at the valley as the early settlers had looked at it. They would have been very busy on such a day as this, garnering stores for the winter, filling these very cellar holes with food and drink. I heard the voices of men in the fields, of women calling from the worn thresholds; I saw ox carts toiling upward with loads of grain from the mill. The deserted road was alive as I had never found it before.

Arrived in East Dorset, I incurred a certain puzzled suspicion by making an odd request to be shown the way to the house of the oldest person in town. But the first words of my explanation swept all misgivings aside. "Come right in. Land sakes! I don't know as I can help you much, but I'm eighty-seven and my father was ninety-three when he died." In five minutes an eager little old lady and I were deep in intimate converse. She hobbled up to her attic to get out some family portraits, she ransacked an old trunk for letters and books. She told me everything she could remember and only regretted her inability to recollect the anecdotes of her childhood. When I reluctantly left her, she passed me on to her neighbor with explicit advice: "You ask him about the potteries. He ain't so old as I, but his grandfather was older than mine." Through all that autumn day I went, step by step, deeper and deeper into the life of the township that mothered my hosts and me. Between calls, I sat on the ground and scribbled furiously in my address book.

On another unforgettable day I set out early in the afternoon to climb to the top of Danby Mountain pass. It took me longer to get to the foot of the mounain than I had planned, and when I began climbing I found the road unexpectedly muddy. December was hard upon us, the sun set incredibly early, and I realized that I must hurry if I did not want to negotiate the puddles in darkness on my return. Up and up I went, my boots heavy with mud, my breath coming short. I was soon very tired. And the people I met did not encourage me. "How far is it to the Baldwin farm?" "Oh, about two miles." Well, I guessed I could make it; I plodded on for half an hour, then again asked of a descending wagon, "How far to the Baldwin farm?" "About two miles." This happened four separate times, with at least fifteen minutes between, and I was beginning to despair when at last I met an optimist who answered, "A mile and a half." I heartened myself by reflecting that some measure of hardship was essential to one who would share the experience of early settlers, that I ought to welcome the chance of finding myself benighted on a mountain road with nothing more formidable than mud puddles to embarrass my progress. How much more tired than I my great-great-grandmother must have been when she mounted this road in the dusk and listened fearfully for the panther's scream!

The sun was down when I reached the high farm, and Mr. Baldwin was in his pig-pen, giving his pigs their supper. Just where he was I interviewed him, and just where he was he gave me one of the most interesting, significant bits of reminiscence I had yet received. Only the pigs were not sympathetic. They surged and squealed about us in the twilight, expressing an unqualified impatience with everything that did not concern the immediate present. I forgot the puddles as I descended the hill (and the consequences were quite as damaging as might have been expected), so awed was I by the mountain dusk which gathered around me, silent, solemn, instinct with the Spirit which lothes itself in hills and woods, houses and people. I was not I any more, I was lost in the life of my valley. When I came out on the lower road I had to make an effort to recover an articulate individuality.

* * *

This sense of personal loss, of expansion in a community consciousness, was perhaps the most valuable element in my experience. Everyone spoke through me: the mountains, recounting their tremendous geologic changes; the Indians, the early settlers, the fathers of the church and state, the farmers, marble cutters, dairymen, the sages, and fools. Especially the latter. I was sometimes put to it to find anything interesting to say about the "first citizens." House after house I would enter with the request, "Tell me something about Colonel Newton. I know he was Town Representative and State Senator, but what kind of man was he?" And again and again I would be vaguely assured, "Oh, hes was a good man." Whereas, concerning the vagabonds and the half-wits, information would flow full and free and colorful. So that I mused much over the ultimate relative values of wisdom and folly.

From the beginning I set myself to gather as much discreditable material as possible. Biographies —particularly autobiographies—are apt to be so rosy-hued. But here I had my difficulties. Try as I might, I could not persuade my fellow townsmen that the foibles of their ancestors were really more interesting than their solid virtues, and that I must allow them some faults in order to make them seem real. "But," I argued, "I can't write a book about a villageful of paragons. If I don't learn anything to the discredit of your forebears, I shall have to invent something." No use. It was only here and there, indirectly, that I could pick up bits of disparagement about somebody else's grandfather, and even those bits were apt to be filched from me by a later retraction. If it had not been for some highly candid old letters and an old diary unintended for publication, I should indeed have had to fall back on invention. And I should have done it shamelessly, even conscientiously, knowing that ultimate truth demanded the pious act of me.

But those letters! Never shall I forget the sensation of amused and delighted relief that swept over me as I sat turning the pages beside the evening lamp. "Do you remember So-and-So? He was a mean old cuss." "Farther along the road lived What's-his-name, who used to drink too much and beat his wife." What! So-and-So, the deacon, the model of all virtue? What's-his-name, the wise and prudent citizen? Oh, then they were real people, real human flesh and blood. In a trice they stood before me, living, breathing, moving, as their grandchildren's praises had never availed to make them stand. The actual revelations of the old letters I forebore to pass on, but my knowledge of them made it possible for me to write sympathetically about the people whose shortcomings they disclosed.

Life: that was what I was after. I cared not so much where our ancestors were born and died, nor whose children and parents they were, as what kind of people their neighbors found them, what they did and said. To make them come alive again among us was my great concern. Their recovered presences changed and enriched the whole valley for me. I met them on every road and bypath and could not pass the cemetery without stopping to salute one and another: "Are you there, Uncle Isaac? Oh, is that you, Uncle Ben?"

Surprise was the keynote of my enterprise, and to that fact, I suppose, I owed the unflagging zest which prevailed through the whole course of it. The daily mail brought me undreamed-of communications from the most unexpected sources; the most unpromising visits I made were frequently the most fruitful. Orderly minded people, with their information all ready for me, carefully arranged and condensed, were those I turned to at first. And, of course, they instructed me, plying me with dates and facts which I then and there inscribed in my address book. But I presently found that I was apt to come away from these visits crammed with statistics but still unsatisfied. Whereas, the garrulous people, those against whom I was warned ("She'll talk the head off you") were fountains from which I drank life-giving streams. To be sure, I had to repeat my visits to them, for the taking of notes in their presence was impossible and the chaos of the impressions I derived from them was bewildering. But chaos is the stuff of creation. Out of the welter of reminiscence, tradition, and speculation in which the garrulous people involved themselves and me, a living world eventually emerged, much more persuasive and interesting than the precise reconstructions of the orderly folk.

It must not be thought that I wrote my whole history without consulting libraries. Spontaneity did not carry me quite so far as that. And yet it was also spontaneous, the unprecedented avidity with which I fell upon the musty old chronicles which presently began to accumulate in our house. I marveled at their authors that they could have been content to make so little of their material, but the material itself was treasure trove. Until it began to confuse and weary me with repetition and discrepancy, and then I deliberately made an end of it. No orthodox historian would have done this, I understood. Abject disqualification was implied by the letter I wrote to one of my sources of information: "Thank you, I think I now have all the material I can use." As if a real historian could ever possibly have too much material! But I held to my refusal and I think I was right. Fatigue and confusion were to be avoided at all costs, for they would have made it impossible for me to deal effectively with any and all material. Moreover, why should not the principle of elimination hold good in the writing of histories as in the writing of novels or the painting of pictures? He who says everything there is to be said generally bores his listeners.

Boredom certainly had no place in the fashioning of the history of Dorset. From beginning to end it was a keen delight. And now that it is finished, I cannot too earnestly advise every author to secure the experience. If need be, let him select a town and live in it until he is qualified to write its history. But let him select carefully, for, once having written, he will find himself such an intimate, integral part of his subject, so rooted and grounded in it, that he can never live anywhere else. Bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh will these people be.

The international character of the fame of Edgar Allan Poe was effectively shown in the annual memorial ceremony in his honor held at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, January, 19. Edwin Markham read his newly revised poem "Our Israfel" terming Poe the "supreme master of beauty, love and death." Addresses were delivered by Dr. Vladimir Greaves, speaking in behalf of Russia; Mrs. Rosano Munoz de Monison, for Spain; Phillippe Uerrier, for France. Other tributes to his memory were delivered by Professor John Erskine of Columbia University, Dr. G. De La Jarrie, president of the French Institute, Marriano Vidal Tolosano of the Spanish Consulate, and Dr. Thomas O. Mabbott and John Drew for the Actor's Equity Society. This wide recognition of Poe's fame has been a great factor in stimulating the high prices which his first editions, autograph letters and manuscripts have brought in the last two or three decades.

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A History of Fortune

DRAG. By WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by JOHN CARTER

NOT since Samuel Butler wrote "The Way of All Flesh" has so fierce an indictment of marriage appeared in the English language; "Drag" is a fine piece of literature, marred by occasional spells of uneven writing and lapses into rather broad farce, which will focus attention on the fact that in New England lies the deepest springs to feed the waters of American fiction. This book escapes by a narrow but precious margin the narrowness of satirizing institutions, by the truer method of attacking these institutions as glorified into such stereotyped concepts as The Home and Woman.

The story is built up around the familiar tragedy of the man who marries the wrong girl. In the hero's own words, Dave Haskell's wife is "a selfish, indolent, disloyal bundle of aches and worries who intrigued a green country boy into matrimony simply to provide a home for your mother . . . You didn't want a husband. You wanted a habit. You didn't want a man. You wanted a mint." Piquancy is given this first postulate of tragedy by superimposing the less widely advertised but no less poignant predicament of most American husbands in being required to support a group of sponging and incompetent relatives: all strivings for success are hampered by a fancied moral duty to feed these human leeches. "Fifteen men on a dead man's chest" may be a good drinking song, but fifteen women on a live man's back is a more common and more heart-breaking predicament.

The fault, as Mr. Pelley sees it, lies primarily with man's woman-fostered notion that chivalry demands a double standard of common morality; that is to say—entirely apart from sex—that woman must be coddled in her idiotic notions of what she is entitled to expect of her menfolk. His second point, rather more strongly stressed, is woman's indecent willingness to take advantage of these chivalrous notions for the sake of momentary advantage or personal ascendancy, even to the detriment of her husband's manhood and her own happiness. "Drag" is a satire on women, however, only insofar as it attacks institutionalized Woman; for women themselves the author shows a discriminating fairness and respect; to him they are human beings and must be compelled to take their chance, sink or swim, at the side of their husbands or in their jobs, in what is still a very human world.

The hero gets all the reader's sympathy from first to last, although he deserves pity and some contempt. Dave Haskell was a born writer, but the lines of his career, from the moment he entered the office of the *Paris (Vt.) Daily Telegraph* to the moment when he abandoned a successful play to enlist in the Army as a sure refuge from his voracious relatives, are trampled on and obliterated by a family which hunts and haunts him, battening on his success and blaming him for the failures which it causes. This phase of the novel is overwritten to the point of burlesque, but the main outlines of Dave's emotional progress are etched with a skilled and patient hand, and there is nothing of the cartoon in his struggle with his wife, his not altogether creditable treatment of Lillian, or his affinity with Carrie. The burlesque may well be deliberately introduced to convey to the demi-morons a very fine plea for virility and common-sense in a man's fundamental relations to life; and if such is the effect no one will grudge the author the fact that the story, as written, is admirably, probably designedly, adapted for the films.

For the fundamental merit of "Drag" lies in its humor, using that word in its proper sense. Generous, amusing, wise, it is based on a very shrewd appreciation of the foibles and qualities of human nature. Again, its setting is in rural Vermont, which gives a cross-section of that amazingly tenacious civilization which has moulded America and which is the only well-rounded homogeneous state of society that this nation has ever produced. The writer's feet are therefore on solid ground. He writes of people whom he knows intimately, moving in an environment with which he is thoroughly familiar, faced with conditions which are common to this country, and actuated by motives which are common to mankind. In spite of a tendency to drift into rough-house comedy, he adroitly avoids both pathos and hackneyed expressions. "Drag" is a book which will amuse the man in the street; unlike many such books, it will excite the interest of the man in the study for its bold and unsentimental exposure of the central tragedy of a woman-ridden age—the hamstringing of virility by femininity and the consequent discredit of those instincts of decency and fair play which hitherto have operated to make life tolerable for the mass and a high adventure for the daring few.

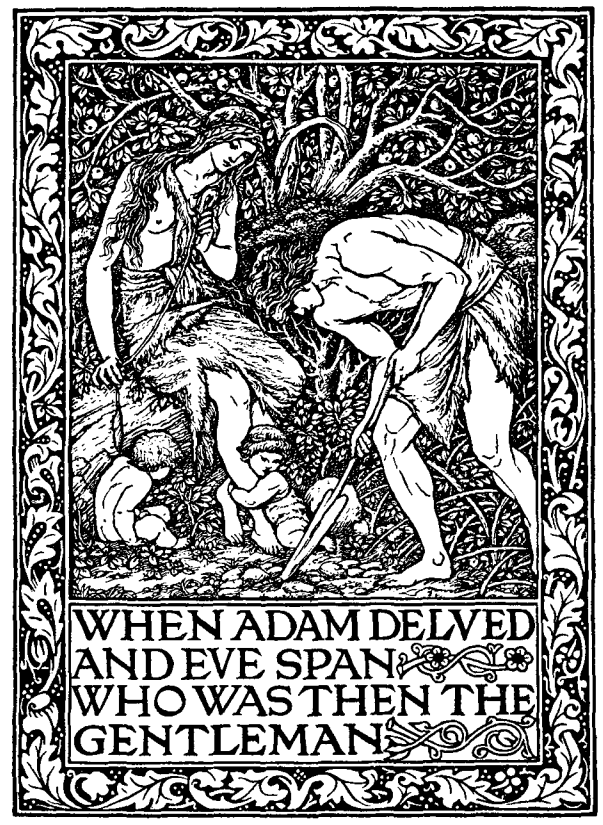
A Unique Book

VAL SINESTRA. By MARTHA MORTON. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1925. $2.

Reviewed by LEONARD L. HESS.

COLOR is perhaps the first quality that strikes one in this book. Nor does the color lie here and there, with the lamentable effect of purple splashes, but it pervades all the pages with a sort of luminous glow; it forms a rich background and it urges on the magnificent emotions and passions which make "Val Sinestra" a rarity among the welter of modern novels.

Here is a novelist, Martha Morton, who has not, maybe, sat down to learn the job of technique, who has not worked by rule and line, who has not succumbed to the furor for documentation, who does not always trouble to write perfectly, who sometimes writes badly, who has not chosen an insignificant theme and then written about it meticulously,



Frontispiece to "A Dream of John Ball." By William Morris.
From "The Kelmscott Press and William Morris," by H. Halliday Sparling (Macmillan).

who has not used the scalpel on the brains of her characters so that one smells the iodoform. Here is a novelist who found a great theme and let herself be swept away by it, without too much rationalizing, often with blunders, but sometimes into very deep waters indeed. She has given herself up to her theme. Therefore is the reader swept with her, so that the book is grudgingly laid down.

I do not know anything about Martha Morton, but I venture to say that she expends little of her time in futile discussions of what art is or is not, and that she is no academician. At a guess I should say that she gives herself up to wandering among the beautiful and grand things of life, the things of a splendid permanence. The technicians will find much in "Val Sinestra" to condemn. The artisans will agree that they could have done the job better. But all these would have to live many lifetimes before achieving a glimmer of the *flair*, the gusto, the beautifully heedless rush of this unique book. It is a book for people who feel rather than for people who merely think. Too much writing, these days, is hand-made.

There is one mood, one harmony that runs through the novel. This is a minor and sad mood, of utter futility. The people appear like dim caverns, lighted by some mysterious lamp. And that, it may be, is not an untrue picture of the human soul. The author knows her psychoanalysis with the best of them, and perhaps all the better for the knowledge being instinctive. And she knows the general movements of the times. She has suggested subtly the changes that took place in New York City within the last decade, just as she has suggested subtly the changes in the people. She has drawn with large strokes.

It is a short novel, and therefore it is surprising how complex the material of it is. The love triangle made of Floyd Garrison, his wife, Julie, his friend, Martin Steele, is but the foreground. Behind the personal struggles of these three tortured people looms the immense battle of conflicting heredities, conflicting religions. Julie was a Gonzola—a family of Spanish Jews converted to Catholicism. The sombre figure of her grandfather, Joseph Abravanel, sums up the Jewish orthodoxy that remains in Julie's blood. Father Cabello is the heroic figure of the Church, struggling to retain Julie, and in time struggling to retain Julie's son. These two men, firm personal friends, both die, defeated. For Julie marries a gentile, and thus frustrates Abravanel; and her son, Joseph, decides that the feud of religion should be laid, that he is an artist beyond the reach of creeds. The turbulent spirits of Garrison and his wife, she having always loved Martin Steele, are quieted at the last in the calmer regions of oncoming age, and the fiery spirit of Martin finds peace in the home of his ancestry, the Val Sinestra, in Switzerland.

The book closes on a chord of incomplete completeness, like the minor tones that end even the major mood compositions of the old masters of music—the chord that is a fulfilment, leaving yet something to be fulfilled.

Jazz Ruins the Nation

THE VIRGIN FLAME. By ERNEST PASCAL. New York: Brentano's. 1925.

Reviewed by SAMUEL ORNITZ

Author of "Haunch, Paunch, and Jowl"

HERE is a stinging, stirring arraignment of Dollarland with its cheap ragtime reasoning, sophisticated *schweinerie*, jazz morals, and syncopated justice. The author berates, denounces, and flays with every cudgeling phrase he is able to bring to bear, and barely stops to draw breath throughout the three hundred odd pages.

It is indeed refreshing to find our America condemned, for once, by straight, solemn evidence. There are no cynical wisecracks, nor Smart Aleck sportiveness over a hopeless bunch of American boobs. At any rate, Pascal is sincere, although often trivial and taut in his anxiety to be conscientious. After a while, judgment too becomes entangled with compromise. So, he doesn't stop to weigh values, or reflect, but strikes out with blind zealousness, sometimes with vicious thrusts or glorious avowals, in the manner of a robust crusader. He is so busy administering whacks that he has no time to stop for style. In general, the book suffers from hasty, heated composition.

You may recall how the late Bert Williams in the rôle of a doleful clergyman groaned lamentfully, "Syncopation rules the nation." His bathos was lovely, even as his unwilling clerical legs began to yield to the hellish rhythm. But Pascal's wrathful voice rises above the lustful din of jazz. He calls America to account as she teeters on the brink of perdition. In his way, the author has made of his chief character a dour American Jean Christophe and a righteously unflinching New York Goose Man.

Michael Cardovan comes under the influence of a musical idealist who implants in his soul a hatred for compromise, and annoints him High Priest of the Music Temple. He supports himself by teaching slum children in a music settlement. But Angie, his dark-haired sweetheart can't wait. She loves him but marries a business man to get handsome clothes and a Riverside Drive apartment. Angie does not understand why Cardovan refuses the profits of ragtime. Nor do his Greenwich Village friends, who advise him America is hopelessly unartistic.

His first opera is rejected. It is "unlyrical and unconventional." Its rejection calls forth finely furious fulminations against America's indifference to her creative geniuses. His friend Bardenbury, an Englishman, who describes himself as a "literary prostitute," counsels Cardovan to amuse the herd. There is money in sinful surrender to jazz. Best of all it enables you to escape the herd. Money bags build a barricade against the mob. But Michael remains true to his Temple.

When Michael kills the lover of his "flower-like" wife, Olivia, a jazz defense and justification are arranged for him. The "literary prostitute"

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collaborates with a lawyer and a cloying sob-story is manufactured to entertain the ragtime intelligence of the jury. Cardovan is pictured as the protector of the sanctity of the American fireside. It was not murder but noble frenzy. *Dementia Americana* of the Thaw case, rewritten. But here the author succeeds merely in writing a travesty of the criminal trial of two decades ago. Cardovan is acquitted and returns more lovingly to his Olivia, but she conspires with a jazz composer to steal his two best arias and pervert them into popular jazz tunes. She needs money to pay for clothes. He is more pained by the descration of his conception than the treachery of his wife.

One thing is certain. Cardovan never had a sense of the comic, and he was blind to the colors, and deaf to the tempo of his own time. Perhaps his interpreter did not understand him. Anyway, jazz continues to corrupt Cardovan's America, with solemn jazz rites in erstwhile othodox Temples of Music. And even visiting European conductors and composers see glamour, color, and strange promise in this monstrosity of jazz—and welcome it as America's contribution to music.

The Inimitable Spectator

THE ILLITERATE DIGEST. By WILL ROGERS. New York: Albert & Charles Boni. 1924.

Reviewed by DAVID MCCORD.

SOONER or later most of us go the way of the printed page. For Will Rogers it might just as well have been sooner, and probably would have been had not the exigencies of his post as first lariat of the Follies, the lure of the wicked screen, and a summer with the Democrats in New York filled his hours. It might just as well have been sooner because Will Rogers's wit is the kind that blossoms under all administrations. It is as good today as it was yesterday, and will probably be no better tomorrow. He is not aiming at any more of a literary style than the unconscious flux of his rope talk. He imitates nothing. He is not perfecting bad grammar or making a god of the exquisite solecism. He has no quarrel with ancients or moderns. Because he has said much of it before in unpremeditated fashion, his book is a harvest of honest, homely speech. It is Will Rogers.

"Nothing is no good," he says. So few of our humorists realize that. But almost anything is very good for Mr. Rogers's purpose. He can shake down the potential laughter in a farrago of subjects from chewing gum and corsets to the Prince of Wales. Like Mark Twain (but a little differently) he walks with kings and princes and presidents and Henry Ford and Fred Stone. He is at home with the world and its denizens. Somebody once gave him a license of free speech (or perhaps he took it without asking); but, at any rate, in the past few years he has probably turned over more heavy stones and thrown hot sunlight upon the poor human grubs underneath than any man in the United States. Will Rogers is a philosopher and crusader in the tradition of Walt Whitman. He passes generally for a humorist, but that is not the whole of him. Humor is his calyx, not the flower.

* * *

Did anyone ever call Mr. Rogers a *poseur?* Impossible. He fearlessly and continually strives to be himself. He continually succeeds. "Defending My Soup Position" steams with honesty. His language, however crude or native, as one may like to call it, dresses the idea to advantage. Politics, bathing suits (one-piece), critics, white breeches, the income tax, California, W. J. Bryan, and the Court of St. James take new life when he talks about them. We will laugh at what he says, and remember whole segments of it no more because it is funny than because, ten to one, it is beautifully true. At least two chapters transcend all banter. One is a tribute to Mr. Wilson, the other an estimate entitled "What We Need Is More Fred Stones."

It has been said of Max Beerbohm, even that incomparable stylist, that many of his essays are deciduous matter and will pass as the figures of his times fade from recollection. In all ways how much more is this good natured humanism of the author of the "Illiterate Digest" inseparably linked with temporal names and temporal interests. Will Rogers is for his generation and his day. He is a rare interpreter of the events of the moment. He is a kind of cowboy Spectator, assimilating the worst of our foibles, or perhaps the best, and making us believe that they may not be so portentous after all.

Political Freethinking

A YEAR OF PROPHESYING. By H. G. WELLS. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1925. $2.

Reviewed by MANFRED GOTTFRIED.

SOME books, and this is one of them, make a poor first impression. "A Year of Prophesying" is a collection of fifty-five brief articles on men and events written weekly during the course of about a year from the fall of 1923 to the corresponding season of 1924, or by political reckoning from shortly before until almost the close of the Labor Government's tenure of office in England. Such a collection is rarely inviting, and the poor first impression of the present volume is aggravated because some of the earlier essays are rather trivial or, as Mr. Wells himself puts it in his closing remarks, "just bad." Moreover, this type of book tempts one to peruse it in snatches, whereas if one is to appreciate the book one must get its general rather than its piecemeal effect.

For it has a unity—the unity which is Mr. Wells's social philosophy. This theme, this type of thought, has been the preoccupation of his later career. In the present work he discusses the League of Nations, the national policies of Great Britain and France, and more casually, of the United States, the future organization of Germany and Russia, international finance, Pan-Latinism, "Pan-Englishism," civil and military æronautics, armaments and disarmaments, tariffs, communism, socialism, education, dictatorships and democracy, nationalism, sex, birth control and population control, electoral reform, party government. Except for one digression, which is a gracious tribute to Anatole France, he adheres to one theme through all these diverse topics, and that theme is the development of a rational social organization.

* * *

This practice of constantly referring particular instances to general principles places these articles, although the conjunction may seem grotesque, in a certain community with the remarks of Doctor Johnson and the columnizing of Arthur Brisbane. To be sure, Mr. Wells has not the dogmatism of assertion which gave pungency to the lexicographer, and he is a great deal more reasonable and intellectually agile. To be sure, he cannot pigeonhole things in such simple categories as Mr. Brisbane, and he is a great deal less uneducated.

His theme of a rational social organization conjures up for him a Utopia—he calls it that—which is not greatly different from the present world except that people are less ignorant and more intelligent. "I live," he explains, "very much in a dream of a saner world." He believes that the present League of Nations is a start in the wrong direction, and looks forward to a "League of Mankind against Nations."

> I am for world control of production and of trade and transport, for a world coinage, and the confederation of Mankind. I am for the super-State, and not for any League. Cosmopolis is my city, and I shall die cut off from it. . . . The world is a patchwork of various sized internment camps called Independent Sovereign States, and we are each caught in our bit of patchwork and cannot find a way of escape.

Naturally with this ideal, and with his demand for reasonable procedure, Mr. Wells finds plenty to criticize in the conduct of his contemporaries. He likes to abuse them and knows that he does it well and goodnaturedly. Winston Churchill, Herbert Asquith, Lloyd George, Hilaire Belloc, each receives a share of rating. He makes fun of them directly and by his friendliness with their "bogeys." Communism is to Mr. Wells an intellectual stimulant. "I have a real affection for Communists," he avers, "and a temperate admiration." Socialism he regards as in large measure already at hand.

In America these ideas of Mr. Wells are not likely to find a welcome, principally because they are too new here. He advocates Proportional Representation as the only "approach to political sanity" in democratic elections; yet in this country not one-tenth of the so-called educated class know Proportional Representation by name and not one hundredth know it to think about. He speaks of state dissemination of contraceptive knowledge; here contraception is not considered except as a matter of individual or at most class morality. He refers to population pressure; but this country has not yet awakened to the idea that such pressure can exist. He looks upon free trade and tariffs as economic devices; whereas here they are tenets handed down inviolate from generation to generation, much like moral precepts or religious persuasions. Mr. Wells goes right ahead, however, planning his "reasonable Utopia" without waiting for America—or England for that matter—to catch its mental breath.

* * *

The weakness of his plans is that they rest on a gratuitous assumption as to the nature of the driving force of human progress. Progress he sees; evidence of it was preëminently thrust upon him when he wrote his memorable "Outline." Something had urged the little unicellular bit of life onward and upward to man, and from mere man through barbarism to civilization. But in drawing plans for his Utopia he is actuated mainly by what he deems desirable and reasonably attainable. Yet the limitations of any Utopia to which man can aspire depend on the nature and direction of the driving force which has moved man upward. It is quite futile to plan a Utopia in some other direction than that toward which this force aims. The matter of the direction of the driving force is all important. There is no probability that the force itself can ever be altered. It has obviously made man all that he is, and doubtless it is immutable, but even if it were not, the man who undertook to change it would be very brave indeed; for there could be no pretending what would come about. The practical object of Utopias is rather to anticipate the workings of this force. When man fails in this anticipation, nature corrects him, painfully. Mr. Wells bothers little about the direction of this force. He has a general idea and that is enough for him; on the basis of it he is willing to try to save the world its spankings for stupidity.

In this connection he has an amazing faith—amazing in one generally so skeptical—in the advantages which the material improvements of science may bring to man. It is faith akin to that displayed by the Victorians. The idol of his faith is æronautics; he sees in the conquest of the air a new lifting of man's burdens; he even grows petulant with the political organization of Europe because it interferes with the pleasure of unrestricted riding in æroplanes—a form of travel to which he is very partial.

* * *

"A Year of Prophesying" is really an epitome of a political free thinker. It is a strong dram of intellectual stimulant. Ever and again Mr. Wells produces a sentence at once titillating and full of insight, as when he says of Mr. Lloyd George that "he has with him the affectionate distrust of a multitude of his countrymen"—that "the most fundamental fact about youth is its disrespect for its elders and the past," or that "the people of the United States, for a time the spoilt children of the human race, are so fortunate in their isolation and their vast unity that the efficiency of their government is a matter of no immediate concert to them." Such things may be said, and said to a purpose—and with a penalty.

> When you censure the Age
> Be cautious and sage.

Mr. Wells is not cautious. If he were a little more cautious the Age might be less inclined to ruffle up its back and turn away when he is talking at his best.

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Franco-Prussian Annals

THE ORIGINS OF THE WAR OF 1870. New Documents from the German Archives. By ROBERT HOWARD LORD. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1924.

Reviewed by CHARLES DOWNER HAZEN, Columbia University.

PROFESSOR LORD at the beginning of his book carefully defines his purpose and then proceeds throughout to adhere to his definition. He is not attempting a complete and definitive history of the origins of the Franco-German War, as that would necessarily be a work of many years and particularly as much of the essential material, German, French, and other, has not yet been given to the public. He is not even attempting a comprehensive study of the Hohenzollern Candidacy, since the German papers relating to the early history of that epochal intrigue—"papers which," he says, "must excite the liveliest curiosity of all who have delved into that tantalizing historical mystery"—are not yet open to investigators. But he is attempting a history of the brief and crowded period that began when the Candidacy became known in Paris, July 4, and that ended on July 15 when this "Spanish bomb" had done its work and when war was virtually declared by the French parliament. It is a history of twelve days, for the War of 1870, like that of 1914, was whipped up and set a'going in that brief span of time. In the light of these two illustrious examples a widely prevalent impression that diplomacy is a dilatory and dawdling art would seem to need revision. Under willing and competent hands it can develop all the speed that is really desirable.

In the accomplishment of his purpose Professor Lord has had at his disposal new historical material of the first importance, thanks to the German Revolution of 1918 and the subsequent liberal opening of the archives of the German Foreign Office. "In the past year," he says,

> I have had the privilege of using and of transcribing in full the seven volumes of documents which contain the German official record of the diplomatic crisis leading up to the outbreak of the War of 1870. As these documents have hitherto not been printed (with very few exceptions), and have been seen by only a few investigators, it has seemed worth while to publish them, as a contribution to the history of a period so pregnant with fatal consequences.

Considerably more than half of the volume is devoted to these documents which are published as found, and which are invaluable for the student. The rest consists of a history of the crisis from day to day, from hour to hour, almost from minute to minute. It is difficult to see how the work could be better done.

Professor Lord is a past master in the analyzing and appraising of diplomatic documents and in their utilization in the construction of a solid, severely tested, well-buttressed historical narrative. He has no thesis to maintain but he has a tale to tell, which is his distillation of his reading of the sources. He is as impartial as a man can be. This does not mean that he distributes light and shade, praise and blame, more or less evenly upon all the parties to the conflict, which appears to be the definition of impartiality held by some historical writers. He is positive and emphatic where the evidence imposes emphasis. He is reserved or tentative where the documents render such an attitude the only safe one. Such phrases as "I am inclined to think," "I think it highly probable," "We have no evidence," "Neither could lay claim to a faultless veracity," and many others which occur throughout the narrative, inspire with confidence the reader, who moreover is told at every step just what the evidence is and is given every facility to test the validity of the deduction in question. Mr. Lord's critical power is constantly alert, he preserves his sense of proportion throughout, never losing sight of the subject as a whole in the midst of the numerous details, and he has a talent for penetrating through the masks of the actors to the actors themselves, for reading between the lines, when that particular process is called for.

He has, in short, written the most authoritative account of one of the great crises of modern history, chiefly from the standpoint of Prussian policy, now lighted up by the new material. It is impossible to summarize the story, but it can be stated that it is intensely interesting and is here told with a precision of phrase and a critical acumen that make the book a model of its kind. Students or writers of diplomatic history must inevitably admire its workmanship.

The Bowling Green

Jamie Comes to Hy Brasil

GREAT things happen: sometimes in a burst of instantaneous completion; oftenertimes by slow indignations, through every grade of postponement, doubtful addition, and nail-paring disgust. But they do happen, and sooner or later the man with a blessing hears about them. The magic that moves our days brings us, by unsuspected curvature, home to ourselves. Believing our path to be a straight line—and going up, of course—we do not feel it leaning and bending beneath us, nor know it was a circle until we hear ourselves repeating what we said before—in a little louder voice.

The beginning of this particular magic (so far as I am blessed by it) was one snowy day when an enchanter (you would not have known him as such, if you saw him, carrying a black leather suitcase and bulged about with a greatcoat from which I saw a glass phial protruding) descended from the train at Manhasset. Certainly it would take too long to tell you about this enchanter, how we sat by the fire together, how it snowed, how he went to a meeting of the Poetry Society that night (against all my advice, for nothing so surely nips the deep root of poetry in the breast as annual dinners of Poetry Societies), and what he wrote to me about it afterward. I will merely call this enchanter Tom, since that is his name.

* * *

While we were sitting at lunch Tom was narrating a passage from a book he had read. It was an Irish book, and Tom being Irish himself he conveyed the full flavor of it. It was one of the most thrilling feats of memory that I have ever applauded: it was not memory but re-creation. He recounted, in the just accent, the tale of three notable miscreants who were hanged. One of these malefactors was annoyed because there were not enough women present. Another was bored, and yawned so gappingly that the executioner could hardly adjust the rope, and reproached him for his rudeness. The third was so thirsty that even as he swung he could not die until he had been taken down and given a drink. I give you these bald details merely because, so given, they sound nothing at all. But when you read them—or hear them in the Irish voice—they become that small bonfire of mirth, gilding the lower branches of the dark Tree of Life, that we call literature. Even the children at the table forgot to prattle while Tom told this story.

* * *

The book it comes from, though by one of the authors who means most to me, I had not encountered. I had not even heard of it. Then, a few days later, I saw it in a bookstore. I averted my eyes, for I was accompanied by several under-nourished phantoms of my own who were clamoring for blood, and I did not want to hearten myself with other men's ghosts. But then, not half an hour afterward, in the cabinet of another enchanter, whom we will call Mitchell (also, by odd coincidence, his name) I saw the book again. I opened it and began to read; I saw, what I had not been quite certain of, that it was the same that Tom had mentioned. "Take it along," said Mitchell. I was so eager to do so that I tried to persuade him not to give it to me. "Nonsense," he said, "I have two copies. I always buy two copies of every book, so I can give one away."

And then, the third enchantment. I was going home in the train, two or three days later. I was approaching the end of the book; approaching it with dismay, as one struggles to wrap round him the dissolving shreds of a dream that is about to vanish. The man in the seat beside me must have been a third magician, though I had not guessed it, for he was reading the *Evening Journal* and wore a particularly Hollywood shape of hat. He got out at Great Neck and left his paper on the seat. I laid down my book with the notion that Mr. Hearst would surely have provided something sufficiently grotesque to ease me of the exquisite pang of what I had been reading. And the very first thing I see in the *Journal* is an appalling photograph of the author of my precious book; and an interview with him; he had landed in New York that day.

This does not prove anything. (What does?) But it suggests that it is not well to neglect the magic that moves round us. If you sew together enough random scraps of it you will have an apron of figleaves almost large enough to conceal you from the world. And it set me thinking as to how the man who wrote that book might better have been welcomed to New York than by the interview in the *Journal*, which purported in a noisy way to elicit his views on Love; or even than the photograph, which showed him in a hat quite as distressful as the one that got off at Great Neck, or the plush horror that I am wearing myself at this moment because I am going to the theatre this evening. How, I wondered, should James Stephens have been met; and what could be said? For that is his name; the James Stephens who wrote "The Demi-Gods," and who wrote the book of which I speak here—"In the Land of Youth."

* * *

This is a question to which there can be no answer. Literary criticism is a fine and fecund art; as some writers perform it—for example William Gerhardi, in his book on Chehov, which does not seem to have received its due honor—it is an excitement and a warmth in the mind that linger for months after the reading. But a book such as "In the Land of Youth" transcends the realm in which criticism is viable. It is unmixed moonlight; moonlight neat. It fulfils that beautiful truth that Mr. Gerhardi (in the Chehov book) laid down—"A work of art whose aim and meaning were quite clear to the writer in the act of writing it would perish, as the universe would perish if its aim was clearly known to it." In the case of such a book, people who can enjoy it will need no help; and those who cannot could never be taught how. For the author of such a book the only just reception (perhaps) would be to have no one meet him at all: to have the pier and the dockside streets cleared of anyone who might possibly know who he was; and to have every publisher in town herded in the lobby of some hotel until, at the touch of a hand-bell, Mr. Stephens appeared, with a gay symbolic gesture, to release them. I am not joking: for it is such men as Mr. Stephens who justify the existence of publishers and make their lives interesting and their jovial trickeries of distribution atonable and good.

"Your mind had to be tormented and fevered and exalted before you could see a god," is said somewhere in "In the Land of Youth." It is a strange book; to make it fashionable among some of the moderns we might call it a fantasy of miscegenation between two worlds—that of the gods and that of men (or Irishmen anyhow). And those that find it unreadable will be, I suppose, the lucky ones. Certainly no writer can afford to read it unless he is very stout-hearted; for he will find in it the music, the laughter, the simplicity, the bare and evasive truth, that he himself probably missed in a soapsud of words. Luminous as a crystal, it gathers light around it until it shines with a brightness of its own; a brightness pure and unpurposeful enough to show how dark the world is.

* * *

If Mr. Stephens was welcomed, as he should have been, by a file of publishers in shackles; and if, as he would, he then struck the irons from their ankles and greeted them with some merry redeeming work; and if they then repaired to various telephone boxes to order a resumption of the precessions of the press, well and good. If he was not so welcomed, I don't know what to suggest, except that I am willing to show him my private cathedral. From this secret eyrie where I hide and write I look out upon the great piers of the Brooklyn Bridge. They are pierced by tall lancet openings, that look, in the pearly East River air, like vast cathedral windows. There are two of these empty windows at each end; and between them rises my imagined cathedral. Of its creed or its various architecture I have nothing to say; of its various tablets—whether to Walt Whitman or to Charles Edward Montague, or whoever—I do not now speak. But it would be pleasant to take Mr. Stephens down the aisle of that intangible minster, and to let him hear the organ sounding in honor of the unknown god, who disciplines no parishes and no sects; the god who now and then allows great poetry to be written. I should lay near the altar a copy of "In the Land of Youth," and say to Mr. Stephens:

"So came Jamie to Hy-Brasil."

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Books of Special Interest

The American Background

HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN FRONTIER. By Frederic L. Paxson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1924. $6.

Reviewed by EDGAR E. ROBINSON
Stanford University

PROFESSOR PAXSON has written of the American frontier as taking definite form about 1763, and he has presented its history to the time of its disappearance about 1893. Such limits are indicative of the nature of his theme. He is not concerned with the early conquest of the continent by British subject or European nation; otherwise the seventeenth and early eighteenth century would claim a portion of his attention. Nor is he primarily interested in the westward movement of population, for, if he were, he would hardly close his account with the statistical data of 1890.

Such a limitation of the period was generally accepted twenty years ago; more easily accepted than it is at the present time. The expulsion of the French in 1763 had long been a convenient point of departure for American historians, and after the dictum of Frederick Jackson Turner as to the disappearance of the frontier in 1890 there was enthusiastic acceptance of that date as marking the end of a great historic movement. So the period stood in 1900. But today it is not so clear. Not only are the beginnings of American life to be understood as including treatment of the neglected half century, 1689-1754, and of the international rivalries of the seventeenth century, but also the make-up and meaning and significance of the American frontier are to be studied in the period of colonial origins. No better indication of the rich detail of this background has thus far been presented than the study of Professor Turner on "The Old West," first published in 1908. And of late it is noticeable that some of the younger scholars in western history are turning attention to the continuance of the movement of population (1890-1920) as a phenomenon of the American frontier.

But Professor Paxson has chosen to use the older demarcation which was easily accepted when he began his studies. His reasons are carefully set forth. As for his point of departure, reason is found in a consciousness of unity among the frontiersmen of that day. Prior to that time it was the frontier of the British Empire.

After the historical narrative is well begun, and the theme is carried from 1763 to the close of the Revolution, the author pauses to say: "The American frontier was a line, a region, or a process, according to the context in which the word is used. As a process, its most significant meaning is found." And again a little later: "The frontier as a region was that area of the United States in which the frontier process was going on at any moment." The reader will sometimes find difficulty in telling which definition of the frontier is in the ascendant. As the story goes forward, the frontier is successively, and with great rapidity in change, an advancing line of settlers, a boundary line, and a region, "the West" of the moment. It is of course of the frontier in the sense of "the West" that the author writes when he considers political theories, religious practises, and most of all the effects upon American character. One pauses at times and marvels at the multiplicity of detail. There are pages that fairly swarm with facts and allusions. But the narrative is never a turgid stream; although the table of contents may suggest an overladen river packet. The "West" is through it all, in nothing more than in claims on behalf of the West.

Throughout the volume the author has contented himself on the whole with permitting the accumulation of data, skilfully arranged and with copious acknowledgment of indebtedness, to tell the story. He has incorporated his own studies which have so enriched the bibliography of western history during the past twenty years. Occasionally he has summarized and added comment and one is grateful.

In analyzing the psychology of the West, it must never be lost sight of that the persistent fight with nature made of the pioneer an individual with sharply developed peculiarities. It is a nice question whether the equalitarian or the individualizing forces were the weightier. . . . The equalitarian conditions thus bred a dislike of superiority; and the individualism produced a high regard for those in whom it was most pronounced.

A considerable misapprehension of the "West," so pronounced at times among those of eastern persuasion, might be lessened if the following were widely discussed:

The self-confidence of Western thought operated against a background of equality. It was an equality of fact rather than of theory. It has been quite possible, as democratic ideals have developed, for a man to accept their principle but dislike their practice. Civilization is founded upon the subordination of individual aspiration and accomplishment to the common good, but not many men have loved the giving up that it entails. Along the frontier, men came to accept the idea of equality with greater ease than usual, because as they looked around them they saw men equal.

This volume is a synthesis of the work of a host of scholars in the field of western history; *the first attempt to tell the whole* story from 1763 to 1893. All subsequent students of the frontier will be in debt to Professor Paxson.

A Pioneer Community

OYSTER BAY TOWN RECORDS. Compared, Annotated and Indexed by JOHN COX, Jr. Volumes I and II. New York: Tobias A. Wright. 1924.

Reviewed by PHILIP COAN

POE'S bells were but taciturn, leaden-tongued things compared to the town records of a Seventeenth Century pioneer community. The second volume of the early record books of Oyster Bay has lately appeared. It and its predecessor make a bulky, sober looking pair. They may not vie for the favor of the novel reader, yet what an abundance of odd, quaint stuff of life they contain!

The present Town of Oyster Bay very wisely appropriated $5,000 some years ago to put these old records into print. The patient labor of George W. Cocks, John Cox, Jr., and others has resulted in a transcription as literal as print will permit.

The Oyster Bay settlers paid their way from the first. The original purchase deed of 1653 records that they bought land from the Indian owners, Asiapum and Mohenes, for a rich and varied assortment of "sixe Indian Coates, sixe Kettles, sixe fathom of Wampum, sixe hoes, sixe hatchetts, three pair of stocking's" (one apparently to each coat, hoe and hatchet) and divers other articles. Indian corn at three shillings and wheat at five made rather a bulky currency, but fortunately, in the interests of comfort for the recipients, the transactions at first ran small. "Two suffishent Buckskings well drest" were specified in 1666 as part of the annual rental of a meadow. Miller Townsend was authorized by the town to take his pay, or toll, in flour—one tenth of the grinding; and incidentally the town authorities were required to see that his "toll dish be true."

Some seem to have preferred to save the miller's due. An inventory of 1672 mentions among the other chattels of a farmstead a pair of small millstones. In this inventory, the horses, cattle and pigs were valued at £57, almost two thirds of the entire personal property. A pair of mares was worth ten pounds; prices, it seems, were not immeasurably below those of fairly recent times. Two old chests and a looking-glass (surely a small one, at one shilling) comprised the entire assemblage of furniture, except for a pair of beds. Perhaps there were benches, thought by the Constable not worth listing; one hopes so.

From such beginnings the settlement ambitiously and steadily grew. By 1690 it had in fact become a port, though of a sadly irregular sort. Lord Bellomont complained that Oyster Bay and neighboring harbors were taking in, without charge of duties, goods amounting to " a third parte as much as are fairly imported at New Yorke." There is an odd tale of how John Townsend being appointed costoms collector, came back to Bellomont in fear of his townsmen, and begged off from the unpopular task.

At least one of the town's early citizens married an Indian maiden. Her mark, opposite the name Jane, and the bridegroom's signature, attest it. Perhaps it was not sheer romance—Jane's tribe bestowed as her dower twenty acres of land. Yet it showed that reds and whites stood on good terms, as indeed, the continued purchase of lands from the Indians up to the end of the century suggests.

Quakers were fined, negroes were sold, debtors were dispossessed; wolves, the real and literal kind, preyed on the sheep. Life was rough in the pioneer days of Oyster Bay, sometimes hard. One hopes that it at least was as interesting in the living as it is to retrace.

Harper Books

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Foreign Literature

A Charming Trifle

ADELAIDE SUIVI DE MLLE. IRNOIS. By the COMTE DE GOBINEAU. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française. 1924.

Reviewed by DOROTHEA CLAFLIN

"ADELAIDE" first appeared in 1913 in the Nouvelle Revue Française. It is now published in book form by that press, accompanied by "Mlle. Irnois."

The story of Adelaide may be the fruit of Gobineau's diplomatic experiences. He attributed it to some small German court. Whatever its origin, it is a perfectly conceived trifle, merciless in its exposition of human nature, biting in its ironic analysis. The situation is distinctly original. A mother and daughter sharing a lover verges on the relationships of the Nibelungen Ring!

On the death of her husband, Mme. Hermansburg inveigles her lover, thirteen years younger, into marrying her. Rothbanner is sufficiently under the spell of Mme. Hermansburg's daughter, Adelaide, to give that very determined young woman an excuse to claim him. Vacillating and stupid, Rothbanner is helpless between the two women. The elder wins the first victory by marrying him, but the younger soon recaptures him.

Gobineau has sketched a faultless bit in his picture of the unfortunate man, between mother and daughter, his nose reddening and his eyes moistening where he cannot even find a word. For one brief moment his passion for Adelaide makes him an individual. But he couldn't stand the pace. Says Gobineau: "Entre nous, je crois qu'il était la machine à vapeur mal construite, pas trop capable de porter l'amour d'une Adelaide."

The result of all this (he continues) was quite bizarre, and might have surprised both the women; from so much fighting they found each other quite inexhaustible in resourcefulness, hatred and courage. They regarded each other with that secret esteem with which energetic people regard energy, even in their worst enemies. And, moreover, one fine day, they found themselves quite united by the intensity of their scorn for poor Rothbanner. I knew them all when the unfortunate man never dared come to table, to say nothing of meeting his wives in the course of the day. As a result, he managed to sleep all day long and only got up when the ladies were visiting or in their beds.

After some years of this life Adelaide decided to marry. She took a chamberlain whom she left at the end of a year to return to her mother. It was such a habit with these women to hate each other and to use their heaven-sent irony to slash each other with cutting words and to torture Rothbanner—the sole mark of attention which was left to him—that they had become inseparable and even those who profess love are not held together by such strength.

Mlle. Irnois was published in book form in 1920 and is reprinted in this volume. One of Gobineau's early works, it had great success. Delightfully written and original in its conception, the charm of its style hardly makes up for the unattractiveness of the heroine—a crippled idiot.

Gobineau's works, outside of his "Renaissance" are all too little known in America. To a real talent for the novel form, he joined the philosophy of a deeply thoughtful mind, and a brilliant gift for satire. "Les Pleiades," a novel of the latter part of his life, is an enchanting work, one of the few worthy of mention in the same breath with the Stendhal's.

The Centaur Book Shop has just published "A Bibliography of the Writings of Carl Van Vechten," by Scott Cunnungham, with an introduction by Mr. Van Vechten. It contains a portrait, lists sixteen first editions, giving full descriptions and exhaustive notes, and includes a list of contributions to books, periodicals and critical essays, appreciations, interviews, and portraits. The edition is limited to 300 copies.

Jewish Life

LA LEVITA GRIS. Por SAMUEL GLUSBERG. Buenos Aires: Editorial Babel. 1924.

WITH the tendency of the Jew to come to some form of intellectual activity in preference to any manual occuation a considerable literary production among the Russian and Polish Jews of the second generation born in Argentine soil is to be expected in the near future. To one of these groups belongs the author of this collection of short stories and sketches of Jewish life in Argentina. The same conflicting impulses of traditional feeling and modern ideas which causes the substitution of English for Hebrew or Yiddish among their cöreligionists in the United States is causing the flourishing of a Spanish-Jewish literature among the settlers in Latin America. Also the same social forces working for disruption here, appear to be active there, embittering the conflict between the orthodox immigrant and the younger generation, rebellious to domestic authority and a prey to moral and intellectual anarchy. This alone holds many potential conflicts, furnishing dramatic background for limitless stories and plays in the Spanish-American Jewish literature of the future.

Not that this grafting process is entirely new to our letters, for it is well known to the historian of Spanish culture that the Sefardi Jew held a leading place in old Spain, and many of his cross-descendants brought to Spanish and Portuguese America their literary proclivities. In the province of Antioquia, in Colombia, there is an old settlement of Spanish Jews; and right here in New York City their Americanized brethren publish two periodicals in Spanish jargon with the Semitic alphabet. But enough is for the present in reminding the reader that the most widely read fiction book in Latin America for the last fifty years ("Maria," by Jorge Isaacs) is the work of one of those Colombian Jews.

In the brief tales by Samuel Glusberg we find as strong as ever that mixture of sentiment and irony so long identified with Jewish nature. A poetic feeling, subtle and remote as the spirit of the race itself, permeates many pages of his book. "Mate Amargo," one of its best stories, has the gloomy outlook on life the Jews seem to have caught through their long sojourn in Western Europe. Sketched against that violent cosmopolitan atmosphere of Buenos Aires, its old people inevitably remind us of the characters of Ruth Suckow, while some of the youthful creatures of Glusberg have more than a passing likeness with these argumentative, malicious youths of the London Ghetto as recorded by the masterful pen of Zangwill.

The richness of the Jewish temperament, its eager response to music and poetry are still there, together with the pitiful failings of the race and what in the language of the day may be termed its inhibitions. Yes even its irrepressible cynicism is presented as life's own instinct.

A Japanese novel, by Toyohiko Kagawa, the story of a poor Japanese student and idealist, and of his life among the poorest classes is shortly to be brought out in England. The book has sold in the neighborhood of 150,000 copies in Japan. It has been translated by two Japanese.

* *

Raoul Stephen, author of "L'Homme-Chien" and "La Dévotion a l'Amour," a novel which has just been awarded a prize by the Société des Gens de Lettres, is to publish this year a curious psychological tale entitled "La Troublante Rencontre" (Albin). He has just completed a humorous novel in collaboration with Mme. Marth-Cleuzière.

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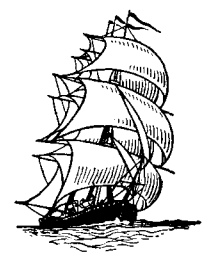

CAMERON ROGERS *writes of this novel in the* World's Work:

"In Eliphalet Greer, Mr. Marquand has created a very genuine and intensely moving character that dominates a narrative exceptionally successful in its recreation for the reader of the salt and the seaweed atmosphere of a seaport town in New England in the days when Yankee shipping was a byword of strength and intrepidity upon the seas. There is the sea in 'The Black Cargo,' but chiefly there is the atmosphere of the inns, the streets, and the docks in the town that the sea has begotten, an atmosphere utterly unique in the quality of its attraction.

"Mr. Marquand, like Mr. Hergesheimer, possesses the gift of placing the time and action of a story accurately and vividly within an historical period with the result that it reads like a diary of that period more than ordinarily filled with incident. There is no jarring modern note, no shattering anachronism to disturb the perfection of the impression created. And the impression is perfectly incisive."

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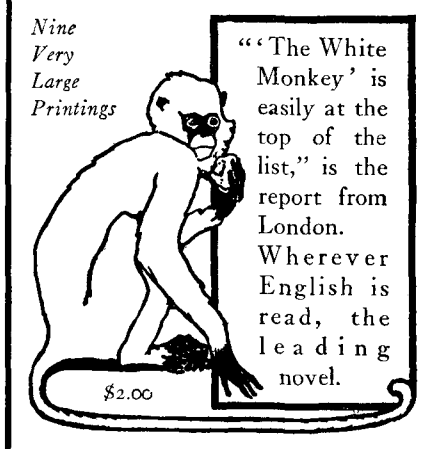

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Russian Vignettes

By Stephen Graham

THE Bolsheviks made Gorky their dictator of art and literature. They had Merezhkovsky in their midst, a man of real authority, but they knew better than to offer the post to him. They preferred to honor one of themselves. Nevertheless between Tolstoy and our day I suppose Merezhkovsky to be the most substantial figure in Russian literature. He is the dean of Russian letters, and one of the most respected men, not only among his own people but in Europe generally. Scholar, artist, thinker, he has been a man of great and manifold activity, notable in his latter years as a publicist, but famous in Europe for his "Leonardo da Vinci" and "Julian the Apostate"; famous in Russia for his powerful historical plays and religious and national essays.

He and his wife "Hippius," who is also a poet and playwright, remained in Petrograd through the stormy years 1914-1919. Living within sight of the Taurus Palace and the Duma, they witnessed, as it were from a little window, the tragedy of the revolution.

> We followed the course of events by minutes (wrote Hippius) for we lived by the railings of the park on the first floor of the last house in one of the streets leading to the palace. Six years—six ages—I looked out from that window, or from the balcony. . . I watched the old palace die after it had been resurrected in new life. I saw the city die. Yes, the whole city built by Peter, sung by Pushkin; dear, severe, and dreadful city—it died. The last record in my diary was the pitiful story of its agony.

Merezhkovsky is a short, vivid, alert man in the sixties. His face is pale, his eyes deep set, but he does not bear the marks of the revolution in his body, which seems youthful. His mind has what seemed to me a boyish excitability. It fires rapidly like trains of powder. His wife is much younger, with a wreathed glory of copper-glinting hair above an open countenance. Hippius has, however, a slightly troubled expression, as if for some reason she had been constantly called upon to revise her previous opinions of men and things. She has always lived for and in the life of other human beings, whereas her husband, for the most part, has been in the realm of ideas and abstractions.

I spent a pleasant evening with them in Paris, where they live very simply in a third floor flat on the Avenue Bonnet, his own old Paris apartment preserved since before the war. Some philanthropist must pay the rent for the other literary celebrities in Paris. None of them seem to me to have more than the barest means of sustenance. Their literary income must be derived from the sale of foreign rights, and one knows what meagre sums that affords. Hippius, however, had had her play "The Green Ring" performed by the Neighborhood Players in New York, and Merezhkovsky places his new books in Germany and France as they come out. He seemed rather chagrined because he had not found a publisher for his new book on Tutenkhamen either in England or America. This volume is called "The Birth of the Gods" and it has lately appeared in Paris.

I asked Merezhkovsky what he thought of the future, but I found him pessimistic, not believing that Bolshevism would soon come to an end.

> It was what many thinkers feared (said he),—Dostoievsky when he wrote "Demos"; Solovyov when he wrote of the end of history. You have made a tour of the Soviet frontier, but where is that frontier? It is not simply geographical—it is in the human soul. The religious expression of the Orient is becoming negative. The Devil has a power (Merezhkovsky called it Antichrist) which is still mobilizing and concentrating. Perhaps we shall not live to see its ultimate defeat.

The Russian philosopher has the virtue of talking like a book. I recognized the Merezhkovsky style so familiar in the old days in the *Russkoe Slovo* in his essays directed against Gorky and in defense of Dostoievsky's ideas.

The danger in his method of prophecy is the tendency to fit in human history to a pre-ordained plan. It is safer to modify one's theories of human destiny by deductions from current events. There is an incalculability in life which has ever baffled science and falsified prophecy. Eternity, moreover, is painfully undramatic—or at least appears so to mortals who think of life as a five-act play.

One of Merezhkovsky's ideas is that the Bolshevik and the Burzhui are close akin; the one is the other turned inside out. By Burzhui he means the European business man in general, and he ventured the opinion that there was a secret sympathy between the two. "Always, when Bolshevism is on the brink of the precipice, a hand is stretched out to save it, and that hand is a business hand. The world therefore could only be saved by a third party—what one might call Christian mankind." In Russia especially he expects liberation from the peasantry, though if the peasantry fail us he reckons that the days of Europe's civilization are numbered. Europe began to be through Christianity, and when Christianity goes our Europe must go with it.

We had some argument about this. For I hold that the British business man, at least, does not correspond to the "Burzhui." He may be at times prosaic and narrow, but in general he is honest and kind, is possessed of a practical common sense, and is on the side of life and human happiness throughout the world. Even should Europe with its mixed nations go to bits, the Anglo-Saxon world is likely to remain.

Concerning this it was clear that Merezhkovsky had some doubt. He has an immense respect for England and America.

It seemed to me that there were two Merezhkovskys: one a Cassandra warning the Trojans, and another a Trojan ignoring Cassandra. When he steopped down from his place of prophecy he was an engaging, enthusiastic, fighting man; hoping for victories, deploring accidents, sorrowing over disillusions. It was only when he began to check his daily hopes and fears by his own great knowledge of history and by his formulated plan of the future that Merezhkovsky's ardent personality seemed to pass under a sombre cloud. He often becomes silent, and broods—on all that has been, on all that yet must be.

Probably the only Russian writer who has gained in prestige during the seven years of revolution is Ivan Bunin. He was never popular, but he has gained the suffrage of his fellow-writers. He is a writer's writer. He is known in England by "The Village" and "The Gentleman from San Francisco," and here also his appeal is somewhat limited. When I called on him in Paris recently I found an American trying to discover whether he had any sensational matter which he could take to New York and publish. But Bunin, while reasonably ambitious to see more of his work in English, reminded him carefully that he only wrote for the few. "You will never see people reading my books in railway carriages," said he.

Bunin belongs to a somewhat radical tradition in literature. Revolutionary Russia would have been glad to possess him, and I suppose, had the revolution been decent and democratic, Bunin would never have fled from it. But Bolshevik Russia has no more uncompromising opponent in the world of literature and art than he. His resistance has gained him the reputation of being bitter. But that is a mistake. He is a gentle, sympathetic man with an engaging, sing-song voice. He talks of Russia with humor, with a lively wit, and smiles and coaxes to gain you to his opinion.

Artsibashev, whom I met in Warsaw last autumn, is more the embittered type. He had all the bourgeois world at his feet in 1917. But Bunin never had literary glory and is nearer fame now than then. His attitude toward the Bolsheviks therefore has no bias derived merely from the loss of readers.

Bunin is a bright-faced, slightly-built man of middle years; he looks as if he had lived with the moujiks a good deal and has a reflection of the provincial in his face, the village felscher perhaps. He left Russia in 1918 while it was still not difficult to get away, passing through the German lines to Odessa. Thence he made his way to Paris, where he has been living for some years. He has no intention of returning until there is a change of régime.

"Practically the whole balance of Russian artistic and cultural life is now abroad," said he. "Of those writers who have remained behind the most substantial are those who made their names before the war. There is the novelist Andrey Biely; there is Anna Akhmatova, but she belongs more to us than to them. Alexey Tolstoy left us, and he truly is a man of talent though of weak character."

"Most of the young Bolshevik writers go in for the ultra-natural style, neo-realism, they call it. It is a brutal product of the time, horrible and foul. Pilniak, for instance—he was among us before the revolution. I knew him. He stayed with the Bolsheviks, went with the time. He goes in for this ultra-naturalism—looks on famine, bloodshed, typhus, bestiality, describes the most distressing and dreadful scenes on the Volga in the famine area, and feels nothing himself. He knows what the people have gone through, but condones it, gets famous on it."

"But they say that drama makes progress under Lunacharsky," I urged.

"What sort of progress? Not one single play has come out of Russia since the revolution. The Theatre of Art carries on with its old repertoire edited and censored by the Bolsheviks. Those in power have no taste for drama, do not understand anything that is really worth while. You find the Chekists instructing the Theatre of Art to do them a version of 'La Fille de Madame Angot'. Is there anything new in that?"

"What do you think of the excuse commonly given by writers in Soviet Russia, that they feel they must remain in their country if they are to continue writing?" I asked.

"That's a fine old-fashioned excuse," said Bunin. "Did Alexey Tolstoy need to go and look at Russia again in order to refresh his memory? Do I need to go and look at the Russian peasant again to know what he is like and what is in him? One can write as well in exile as at home. Think of Victor Hugo, or of Ovid, or again of our great Turgeniev wandering over Western Europe nearly all his creative life!"

I thought of Dostoievsky's quarrel with Turgeniev in this matter and his "Are you sure you can see us as well from Berlin? May I not send you a telescope so that you can see Russia better?" But I did not say it. It is a matter on which there can be two opinions. Certainly it should refresh the eyes of a Russian artist to see his Russia again, even in her misery, even in her despair. But Bunin is one of the literary political champions of the great "Emigration." He triumphantly expects the disintegration of Bolshevism and will not take half a step to break its fall. He is for the complete disassociation of Russian artists and writers from the Soviet power. He considers that the present rulers of Russia have destroyed even the minimum of liberty, have suffocated all creative thought, science, and literature; and having maimed art, go in now for artistic stunts solely for purposes of political agitation. And that being so, he considers it a crime against the real Russia to coöperate with the Bolsheviks in any way. He believes that a strong Conservative government of some kind will eventually take the place of the present tyranny; it may be a monarchy, it may be a strong government of another kind, but the unity of the old Russia will be reëstablished, the emigrants will return and the present rulers will be swept away. In Bunin one sees an uncompromising critic of the revolution and an unqualified believer in the coming restoration.

E. C. Ranck is working on the authorized life of Madison Cawein, the Kentucky poet, a book which will largely be based upon Mr. Otto A. Rothert's admirable study of Cawein. If anyone has any letters of Cawein not included in Mr. Rothert's book, or any anecdotes or stories of Cawein, Mr. Ranck will appreciate communication with him at The Hermitage Hotel, Louisville, Kentucky.

The Board of Trade of Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn, recently took steps to honor the memory of Walt Whitman who lived for many years in the Myrtle Avenue section and wrote several of his most famous poems in a house at Adams Street, later at 71 Prince Street, and at 106 Myrtle Avenue, at the corner of Bridge Street. It is the intention of the committee to erect appropriate tablets and also to maintain somewhere in the district a permanent Walt Whitman room devoted to the collection of Whitmaniana.

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Announcement

THE SAILING OF THE ARCTURUS

Last week a ship called the Arcturus sailed from the basin over in Brooklyn to explore the extent, the depth and the life of that mysterious and fabled spot known to the world as Sargasso Sea. It is an expedition unrivalled in the history of the world, fitted skilfully and comprehensively as no other ship has been fitted. On board it carried, in addition to the captain and crew, a party of scientists headed by William Beebe, author of GALAPAGOS: WORLD'S END, a scientist who, since the passing of Fabre and W. H. Hudson, occupies a place that is unique in the world of science and of writing. The party included Miss Isabel Cooper, expert scientific artist, and Miss Ruth Rose, historian of the expedition—two women who hold positions that are likewise unique in the history of women's occupations.

The Arcturus is a big ship, a former freighter, fitted with great nets and dredges and carrying the most delicate of scientific instruments for the preservation and observation of the strange animals which Mr. Beebe will bring from the bottom of the sea. The sailing of the Arcturus was an event of national—even of international importance. On the eve of sailing, the decks were crowded with newspaper photographers and correspondents.

On his return the full story of the Arcturus and its voyage into the Sea of Lost Ships and Sea Monsters will be published by the House of Putnam in an edition worthy to be placed on the shelves beside the now famous and beautiful GALAPAGOS.

Meanwhile the same House has published, almost on the eve of the departure of this exciting expedition, a quiet book dealing with the history of the most romantic and the best beloved church in America. THE LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER is written by George MacAdam, a well-known writer well qualified for the task. He has recreated the lives of its rectors and set down scores of anecdotes about the church and the famous people who passed through its lych gate. The book is beautifully printed and profusely illustrated in a dignified manner worthy of its subject. It sells for $3.75.

The same week brings THE HUMAN TOUCH ($2.50) a book by Lyman Powell, educator, teacher and cleric, dealing with his experience and friends ranging from Ellen Terry to Cardinal Mercier. A portion of it is devoted to Woodrow Wilson.

And there is GRANDMOTHER TYLER'S BOOK ($3.50) a remarkable volume of memories, legends and recollections going back into pre-revolutionary days and written by one of the grand old women of our early American history.

Last week was notable for the publication of BACKFURROW, a remarkable novel of American farm life, by G. D. Eaton. Don't overlook it among the striking novels of the year. Following in the footsteps of Theodore Dreiser, the author has created a remarkable, human book. ($2.00)

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

UNSCIENTIFIC ESSAYS. By FREDERICK WOOD JONES. Longmans, Green. 1924. $2.

Frederick Wood Jones, the eminent professor of anatomy in the University of Adelaide, permits his scientifically trained senses to take, on occasion, jaunts along the byways of fact and fancy. This book of essays, purporting to be "the expression of things, too trivial and too inexact to be reckoned as scientific," is the result. It is a delightful book. The essays are exotic in content, whimsically informative, genially lightsome. They reveal their author to be the possessor of an innate curiosity, a wide and observant traveler, a keen student of nature and man—a man who has lived his life adequately and well. And they are written in a style at once terse and mellow.

Professor Jones has spent many of his holidays in the Malay Peninsula and on coral islands. This part of the world he describes as only a lover of nature, especially "uncivilized" nature, can. The natives, their customs and beliefs, are depicted with glowing sympathy and understanding. Also, of the sundry things Professor Jones talks about, the following are included: sea-serpents, fireflies, crabs, wer-tigers, seals, marvels, evil spirits, the devil himself, little emotions, memory, inheritance, longing, healing, moon-gazing, oily patches, and barking. In each of these essays he is either informative or quizzical or philosophical. The reader will find this book, when his senses are dull and his mind is fatigued, when he wants to leave his workaday existence at least for a time, just the tonic he needs.

A SHEAF OF PAPERS. By OLIVER ELTON. Small, Maynard. 1924. $3.

This is quite evidently a gleaning from the work of its author. It makes no pretense to research and possibly for that reason papers like "Hamlet, the Elizabethan" will appeal the more widely. The author's analysis of the "noble Dane" is one of the most discriminating and judicious that has appeared. Professor Elton has almost achieved the impossible, and without striving for the new, has passed such sane judgments upon old material that he has approached originality on Hamlet. He is at his best along scholarly, rather than critical lines. But that he is capable of keen and critical analysis is plain from his article on "Poetic Romancers." He there makes an interesting statement which will bear serious consideration.

In one way verse is a separable accident of a story. Morris relates equally well, though in a different way, in verse and prose. There are few of whom this can be said. Crabbe, or Browning in "The Inn Album," may relate well all the time, but the poetry is intermittent. The authors of "Endymion" or of "Tristram of Lyonesse" are poets all the time, but the press of imaginery, or the poetic energy, easily swamp the telling, so that we ask what is really happening.

GEORGE MEREDITH. 1909. By J. M. BARRIE. Rudge. 1925.

This charming little booklet, a delightful example of typographic art, enshrines the brief and fanciful tribute paid to George Meredith by Barrie after his death. It is a bit of sheer fantasy, whimsical, tender, and heartfelt. It is too fragmentary to be of much value, but the dress the publishers have given it is worthy of all praise.

AT THE END OF THE WOOD'S PATH. By *Lulu Brower Chittenden*. Nicholas L. Brown. $2 net.

THE YEAR'S WORK IN ENGLISH STUDIES. Vol. IV. Edited by *Sir Sidney Lee*. Oxford. $2.50.

HOW TO TELL THE FASHIONS FROM THE FOLLIES. By *Caroline Duer*. Scribners. $1.50.

COLLEGE AND STATE. By *Woodrow Wilson*. Harpers. 2 vols.

THE WORKS OF THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK. Vols. I, II, III, and IV. *Gabriel Wells*.

A HISTORY OF MODERN ENGLISH ROMANTICISM. By *Harko G. De Maar*. Oxford. $3.50.

THE SHAKESPEAREAN ENIGMA AND AN ELIZABETHAN MANIA. By *John F. Forbis*. American Library Service. $4.50.

ADVENTURES IN CRITICISM. By *Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch*. Putnam. $2.50.

LIFE AND ART. By *Thomas Hardy*. Greenberg. $3.50.

Biography

LADY MARGARET. By *E. M. G. Routh*. Oxford. $2.20.

THE GROOMBRIDGE DIARY. By *Dorothy V. White*. Oxford.

THE LIFE OF SAN MARTIN. By *Anna Schollkopf*. Boni & Liveright. $2.

Drama

THE FLATTERING WORD AND OTHER ONE-ACT PLAYS. By GEORGE KELLEY. Little, Brown. 1925. $1.50.

For five years George Kelley's short plays were headliners in vaudeville before "The Show Off" assured him an apparently permanent place on Broadway. It is interesting to read these four earlier short plays and to see, particularly in "Poor Aubray," which was the nucleus of "The Show Off," how Mr. Kelley became master of his style, and of his Fate—dramatically speaking! All of these are excellent, realistic sketches showing keen observation, clever character drawing, and skilful dialogue, but in none of them is there more than a hint of the author's real genius for characterization, or his own special gift of thoughtful humor. (I know no other phrase which describes that quality so apparent in the later play.) Of the four in this volume "Poor Aubray," a domestic comedy of American manners, is far and away the best, which may be why it grew into a longer one. "Smarty's Party" is grimmer in mood, depicting the inevitable force of heredity, that no amount of careful upbringing can really effect. "The Flattering Word" and "The Weak Spot" are both satires—the former illustrating the power of flattery on a narrow and prejudiced mind; the latter showing how often superstition hides behind the mask of scoffing practical-mindedness. All of these short plays are sure to find places for themselves on the programs of Little Theatres and Dramatic Organizations all over the country. They read well, but it is evident that they should act even more effectively.

ELIZABETHAN DRAMA. By *H. Dugdale Sykes*. Oxford. $4.20.

DIMINUTIVE DRAMAS. By *Maurice Baring*. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

INDEX TO DRAMATIC READINGS. Compiled by *Agnes K. Silk* and *Clara E. Fanning*. Boston: Faxon.

TWENTY-FIVE SHORT PLAYS. Edited by *Frank Shay*. Appleton. $4.

Education

CONTENT AND METHODS OF THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS. By *Samuel J. Vaughn and Arthur B.* Mays. Century. $2.

SHORT PLAYS FROM AMERICAN HISTORY AND LITERATURE. By *Olive M. Price*. New York: French. $1.75.

SAFEGUARDING CHILDREN'S NERVES. By *James J. Walsh* and *John A. Foote*. Lippincott. $2.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE PRESCHOOL CHILD. Appleton. $2.

Engineering

ELECTRICAL TECHNOLOGY. By *H. Cotton*. Pitman. $3.75.

FRICTION CLUTCHES. By *R. Waring-Brown*. Pitman. $1.50.

WORKSHOP GAUGES AND MEASURING APPLIANCES. By *Louis Burn*. Pitman. $1.50.

Fiction

PARADISE. By COSMO HAMILTON. Little, Brown. 1925. $2.

In spots this novel is journalistically clever, but the larger areas are a banal, lackadaisical performance of a facile writer. Mr. Hamilton seems to be glad himself to be rid of the people in his book. Once these Londoners are safely on their Samoan Isle to rule as owners, he drops the curtain. Such interest as the author had bestirred in Tony and Chrissie was but beginning at this point, even though it is no notoriously original device to discover a Pacific isle. The present reviewer never thought to wish for more of such an isle and less of London in a story; but if Mr. Hamilton had chucked Covent Garden and Panton Street in thirty pages and given the rest over to copra and pearls the book would have been better.

Briefly the story concerns Tony, an engagingly worthless younger son, cadging for a living in London, and Chrissie, an idol of the music halls. Tony makes a splendid record in the war, becomes a wing commander, and returns to a little apartment

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

with Chrissie, and to earning a few shillings in an officers' street band or driving an automobile. He learns that his father had left him an island. Sherwood, a rich grocer, still in love with Chrissie, charters a yacht to take them to their far off possessions. His dark purpose is to drop Tony overboard. There is no need to go further. A sophisticated post war cynicism pervades everyone of these thoroughly unlikeable persons in the book, unless we except Chrissie, the angel, etc.

ALIAS BEN ALIBI. By IRVIN S. COBB. New York: Doran. 1925. $2.

Irvin S. Cobb was one of the versatile stars on a Park Row newspaper which boasted the best rewrite men of the not distant day with which these stories deal; and his city editor then was a man whose marked traits and abilities supplied much for the portrait Mr. Cobb paints of Ben Alibi Crisp.

A change has come over city rooms as over politics. The great police reporters of two decades ago, led by a general such as Ben Alibi Crisp, have given way to a personnel and organization still glamorous, picturesque, but different. Crisp lived for the big crime mysteries, the nine days' wonders of the town. He penetrated human motives, the key to unlocking the doors of sensational mysteries, and played his results with a master newspaper hand in the columns of the *Star*.. Crisp and his methods deserved a recorder who could tell their story as Mr. Cobb has done, a text book not for a school of journalism, but for the school of newspaper life.

Crisp's exploits are not all in the field of crime. There are stories of humor too, such as that of the office worm turning, and of the prominent citizen whose puff ball vanity Crisp punctured so cruelly. But he will be remembered longest for the saffron sensations of the big crime stories of his generation.

These newspaper sketches are to the life, undoubtedly. Yet rich as they are with the color of a Park Row city room (a color in which yellow was predominant) one does have the feeling that in many places they are the work of Mr. Cobb as a rewrite man, and not as a reporter who saw it all with his own eyes and came in to write it himself. Many critics point to the rewrite desk as the cause for so much of the shortcomings of newspaper reporting today. By way of comparison, Mr. Cobb's description in his recent volume "Stickfuls" of the trial of Wolter for the murder of little Ruth Cruger—a trial he covered at first hand—has a quality of vividness, authenticity, and conviction. That was truth. The present fiction gives the impression of being a rewrite of truth.

THE MIRACLE. By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND. Harpers. 1925. $2.

If Clarence Budington Kelland is not an artist he is an admirable artisan. His work is finished, well rounded, smooth. His craftsmanship leaves no loose ends or ragged edges. Perhaps his strongest point is a sense for narrative value. His plots advance swiftly and surely, with a careful placing of emphasis so that interest is always a little ahead but not too far. He knows how a story should be told. In this particular one he reaches almost the concentration of the short story. There is no deviation from the main emotional line. It moves straight as an arrow toward its logical objective, each incident bearing directly upon the thesis. It has, in brief, unity and if we cannot admire Mr. Kelland's conception we may at least respect his execution.

In "The Miracle" his thesis is that there is a just, merciful god and that love and honor are dominant forces in the world in which we live. To prove it he draws the figure of a trusting young man upon whom fate has vented considerable spleen. Mother, father, sweetheart, and friend have betrayed him. The story opens in Quebec with the last of these disillusionments in which he finds his sweetheart in the arms of his best friend. Seeing only cruelty in the world Donovan Steel goes into the Canadian forests to become "Le Malcoeur"; a ruthless, cold, and desperate man. If people do not get out of his way he throws them out. (Both literally and figuratively; one of his favourite diversions being to knock down those who bar his path and step upon their faces.) But into his consciousness has come a lovely girl who is in the woods as a fugitive from a misdirected justice. Drawn irresistibly he saves her from dishonor in a terrific brawl in which he looses his eyesight. By the girl's goodness and a miracle at a woodland shrine he recovers both his spiritual and physical vision, and again believes that god is good.

THE INDIVIDUALIST. By Philip Gibbs. Clode. 1925.

Here in his first volume, now first appearing after its publication in 1898, we find Philip Gibbs, novelist, at his best. For despite the evident immaturity in much of its execution and the occasional stiffness, even, throughout some of the dialogues, there are certain qualities which rank this story above all the later romances of its author.

If we do honor to "The Individualist" by recalling the theme of Adam Bede and the pervading spirit of "Ann Veronica," by no means would we suggest comparison with those undeniably greater books, nor would we hint at conscious imitation; for its author has won his laurels through the daily press, . . . and what success as a novelist he here attains was won through his own diligence. But the narrative he has to tell, albeit on a lesser canvas, is curiously akin, in part, to each of the above mentioned novels; and as Jonathan had reason "to recognize something of himself in the character of Adam," and the vivid portrayal of Alicia, confident, spirited, heroic, (we wish her earlier pages had not *read* so demurely!) recalls at moments Mr. Wells's more boisterous heroine. And if, on the other hand, we must admit that the drawing of the major characters, in part at least, is over done, and much is to be desired in the handling of some of the lesser figures, the movement of the story is natural and never flags.

As a pleasing romance, well above the average, intensely moving in its best passages, its present reissue is amply justified.

NAJIB. By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE. Doran. 1925. $2.

We have not been familiar enough with Mr. Terhune's magazine contributions of the recent past to know whether this collection of short stories enjoyed periodical publication prior to their appearance in book form. It is our opinion that read at intervals in the *Red Book* or *Cosmopolitan* they would prove more successful entertainment than is to be found in the experience of reading one directly upon the close of another. For, with the suggestion of repetition and the inevitable rebuilding of the same effects, unavoidable in a series of stories dealing with two principals who enact unchanging rôles against an equally permanent background, a sense of monotony is bound to afflict the reader ere half the book is read. Perhaps, if Mr. Terhune had shifted the scene of action slightly for the exercise of his two stars' undoubted ingenuity, our own feelings of tedium would have been considerably lightened.

These two leading characters are Logan Kirby, American, manager of the Cabell Smelting Company's antimony mine in the wilderness east of the River Jordan, and his faithful Syrian factotum, Najib. Around them lies the uninhabited mountain region known as the "Land of Moab," a land unaltered, except by the presence of the mine, since the days of Abraham. Kirby's staff is composed of thirty laborers, a guard of twelve Turkish soldiers hired from the Government, and the invaluable Najib, first and only aide of the chief. At times, the apathetic dulness of their isolated existence is broken by the intrusion upon them of visitors from the outer world. The latter are rarely welcome, for they are invariably the bearers of more or less serious trouble.

In the succession of difficulties which arise from the coming of these peace disturbing people, Kirby and Najib, sometimes in union, sometimes unaided by each other, are always the victorious survivors, left to resume the scheduled routine of work as it had been carried on before interruption. The structure of these contests is cleverly devised, the development of them well managed, moderately exciting, accurately measured in the degree of suspense which holds back the outcome they are calculated to attain. But the continued round of them, despite the merits indicated, is liable soon to pall. This partial failure to keep our interest throughout the book seems due to the accumulating monotony mentioned above. It is like witnessing a vaudeville performance of eleven acts, in which the two leading players execute the same "stunts" with slightly varied business contributed by different castes of minor characters, the whole transpiring without a single change of scenery.

Our patience was a little worn also by Najib's pseudo-comic experiments on the

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

English language. His line, employed even in moderation, is an old, heavy and dubious medium for the production of humor, and it is here in operation, unfortunately, at its very worst. The laurels won for Mr. Terhune by his illustrious dogs of an earlier day will not be perceptibly brightened by anything we have found in the present book.

THE MUMMY MOVES. By MARY GAUNT. Edward J. Clode, Inc. 1925.

Detective fiction has, of late years, grown pretentious. Time was, when, a field apart from other endeavors in the art of writing, it contented itself with the setting and solution of a problem, and the characters which moved through its pages were, strictly speaking, not characters at all but mechanisms as unhuman as the mysterious rooms, the secret devices for murder, the missing jewels and all the other paraphernalia of the mystery story.

But now these characters have dressed themselves up with various traits usually recognized as human. Character drawing has entered the realm of detective fiction. Also there is an attempt to round out the *milieu*, to give a section of the social fabric —in a word, life.

But for better or worse? It seems that a highly complicated and ingenious mystery is enough for a conscientious writer to attempt in one tale. The delineation of character, the painting of scenes, the interpretation of life, had better be left for other books. The two *genres* of fiction will not readily blend, unless, perhaps, in a book interminably long. Or at best, there is a hovering between pure detective fiction and its near relation, mystery fiction. The result is a floundering.

"The Mummy Moves" is a tale ingenious, with tension, surprise, an atmosphere of the bizarre, adequately written. A good book of its type. But trimmed of its often tedious attempts at character revelation, meticulous descriptions of places, melodramatic emotions, it would have been an excellent book indeed.

JONAH. By *Robert Nathan*. McBride. $2 net.

THE PRINCE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE. By *Harry F. Liscomb*. Stokes. $1 net.

ISRAEL POTTER: HIS FIFTY YEARS OF EXILE. By *Herman Melville*. Boston: St. Botolph Society.

MOCKBEGGAR. By *Laurence W. Meynell*. Appleton. $2.

PRIZE STORIES OF 1924. Chosen by the Society of Arts and Sciences. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

THE BLACK CARGO. By *J. P. Marquand*. Scribners. $2.

LIFE AND ERICA. By *Gilbert Frankau*. Century. $2.

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VILLAGE. By *Robert McAlmon*. Contact Publishing Co., 12 Rue de l'Odéon, Paris.

THE BRONZE COLLAR. By *John Frederick*. Putnams. $2.

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THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES. By *William Bennett Munro*. Revised Edition. Macmillan.

THE "MACHINE" ABOLISHED. By *Charles C. P. Clarke*. Putnams. $1.50.

THE BUSINESS OF LIFE. By *Hugh W. Sanford*. Oxford. 2 vols.

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Miscellaneous

THE BOOK OF THE RANKS AND DIGNITIES OF BRITISH SOCIETY. Attributed to Charles Lamb. Scribner. 1924. $1.75.

Those who read Mr. Clement Shorter's introductory note to this little volume may feel that the attribution—chiefly on the basis of a remark in one of Lamb's letters shortly after the original publication of the book—is not completely convincing. Lamb enthusiasts will probably remain even more sceptical than most, for the book shows no internal evidence to support its alleged authorship—none of the quiet, playful humor, none of the quaint whimsicalities that we always associate with Charles Lamb's style. Mr. Shorter, it is true, meets the argument from the evidence of style with an answer that is at least plausible. In any case, even if the little book cannot at present be added definitively to our Eliana, it is worth a place in our libraries for its antiquarian interest and for its delightful typography and illustrations.

FIRST AID TO ANIMALS. By DR. JOHN LYNN LEONARD. Harpers. 1924. $2.50.

This book is written for any one who owns an animal or a pet, except goldfish. They are left out, for, though pets, they are not animals. The horse, the dog, and the cat, however, are fully and adequately treated so that if they become ill or damaged, and you own one or more or several of them or any one of them, you can, by this practical, first-aid treatise, fix them as good as new or nurse them well.

The author, who is a veterinarian of the New York City Department of Health, deals exhaustively with the symptoms, nature, and emergency treatment of innumerable ailments and mishaps to which cattle, other farm animals, and the pets mentioned are liable. He tells what to do in case of all sorts of accidents, and how to handle vicious, frightened, drowning, poisoned, shocked, or rabid animals. There is a final chapter on the common ailments of poultry and a complete index which should make the book valuable and easily usable in time of need.

(*Continued on next page*)

DRAG

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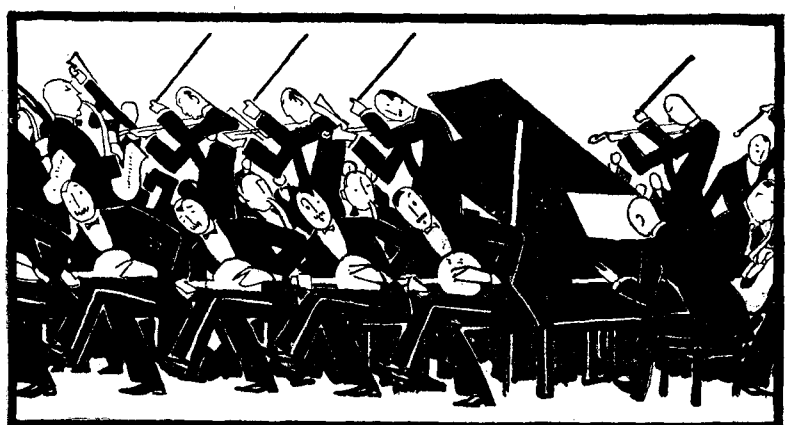

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DEBATE ON PROHIBITION. New York: The League for Public Discussion. $1.

ADVERTISING ARTS AND CRAFTS. Vol. I. New York: Lee & Kirby.

A CONCISE ETYMOLOGICAL DICTIONARY OF MODERN ENGLISH. By *Ernest Weekley*. Dutton. $3.

HEALTH VIA NATURE. By *Dr. Harry Finkel*. Society for Public Health Education, 1425 Grand Concourse, N. Y.

ENGLISH HOUSE GROUNDS. Photographic Views compiled by *Mabel Parsons*. Text by *Clarence Fowler*. Edited by *Eugene Clute*. New York: Mabel Parsons, 15 East 40th St.

SCHUBERT'S SONGS TRANLATED. By *A. H. Fox Strangways* and *Stuart Wilson*. Oxford.

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LE DIRECTOIRE ESPAGNOL ET LA CULTURE. Paris Societe Générale d'Imprimerie et d'Edition.

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PROFILES FROM HOME. By *Eunice Tietjens*. Knopf. $1.50 net.

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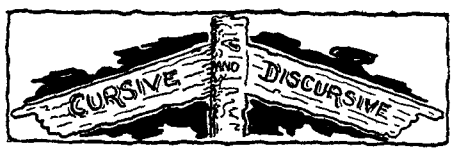

By THE PHOENICIAN

WE are glad to see announced a new volume of poetry by *Ridgely Torrence*, now for some time poetry editor of *The New Republic*. It has been far too many years since we have had a book from Mr. Torrence. To all appearances he has worked slowly of late years, not hurrying his muse, but whenever a poem of his has occasionally honored the magazines it has been a red-letter day for the lovers of poetry. He writes with unusual distinction, unaffected by schools or fads. The root of the matter is in him. His "Hesperides" is sure to add to that portion of American poetry which may possibly survive the merciless winnowing of time.

A new weekly magazine appears this month. Its editor is *H. W. Ross*, its advisory editors *Ralph Barton, Heywood Broun, Marc Connelly, Edna Ferber, Rea Irvin, George Kaufman, Alice Duer Miller, Dorothy Parker, Laurence Stallings* and *Alexander Woollcott*. It is called *The New Yorker*, and will reflect in word and picture metropolitan life. To judge by announcements it will be gay and satirical, interpretative but not "highbrow"; it will cover amusements and the arts and expects to be distinguished for its illustrations. It sounds as if advisory editorial meetings would be held at the *Algonquin!*

Next June *Stella Benson* comes through this city on her way to England. She is an erratic writer—not erotic—of whose spark of genius we have not the slightest doubt, though she chooses to spend much of her time setting off mere Chinese fireworks.

We have met *James Stephens* and found him one of the most entertaining talkers of our acquaintance. During March he will be lecturing in Indianapolis and Chicago. He was surprised at the mild weather of our early February, as he had been warned to buy furs. He was impressed by the architecture of New York. He developed several interesting themes, one being that a reversal in dress may come to pass within the next twenty years, men gradually acquiring the fine feathers, the striking sexual plumage,—and the vivid adornment of women fading to mouse-grey. We should like to see it come to pass.

We are soon to have "The Pilgrimage of *Henry James*" from the pen of *Van Wyck Brooks*. James craved a particular delicacy of understanding and security from vulgarity. He tried in turn New York, Cambridge, Newport, Italy, Paris, and London, becoming disillusioned with each environment. Brooks's analysis of the great novelist is sure to be as valuable as his operation on *Mark Twain*.

The Gold Medal of that tremendous organization, the National Institute of Arts and Letters, has this year been awarded to *Edith Wharton*, the first woman to whom the award has been made. The National Institute indicates, with a courtly inclination of the head, that Mrs. Wharton's entire work may, in their opinion, receive the same honor as that conferred upon *James Whitcomb Riley* in 1911 for his poetry, upon *Augustus Thomas* in 1913 for his drama, upon *Sargent, Howells, Burroughs, Thayer, Cass Gilbert* and *Blashfield*.

We were surprised by an obit item from the *N. Y. Herald-Tribune*, sent us the end of January by *R. E. W.* It said that *Miriam Coles Harris*, author of "Rutledge"—or was she?—had died "in the 92d year of her age, at her residence in Paris, on July 21, 1925." "Strange prophecy!" commented R. E. W., of the date. But this *must* have been the author of "Rutledge"!

Mrs. J. C. Squire has committed a novel entitled "Five in Family," the first volume of *Sir Sidney Lee's "King Edward VII"* is now ready, *Algernon Blackwood's* "Tongues of Fire" is a new group of interesting weird stories, *Laurence Meynell* in "Mockbeggar" is a remarkable imitator of *Michael Arlen*, commuters should buy avidly of *Robert M. Gay's* "The 8:45" when it appears on March 15th, the Chamber of Commerce of Camden, N. J., is now honoring *Walt Whitman* as "The Good Gray Poet," (send for leaflet) and other remarkable things are constantly happening in the literary world!

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A BALANCED RATION FOR WEEK-END READING

ORPHAN ISLAND. By *Rose Macaulay* (Boni & Liveright.)

LIFE OF GEORGE BORROW. By *Herbert Jenkins* (Putnam.)

FOLK SONGS OF THE SOUTH. Edited by *John Harrington Cox.* (Harvard University Press.)

MY flippancy about the man who fished the murex up called out a letter of "affectionate reproach" from Messrs. Morley and Benét of this establishment. Perhaps if *C. N., Kenwood, N. Y.*, had known that the next line was "What porridge had John Keats?" she might have guessed—as I did not—that it was by Robert Browning. I cannot deplore the lapse; it appears to have restored, in the minds of my superiors on the staff, a personal regard beginning to wilt under the horrid suspicion that I Knew it All. Oh, well, they need not have worried; here is *C. B. W., Akron, O.*, telling me in the course of a delightful letter of praise for "A Reader's Guide Book" that on page 121 of that invaluable work I refer to the St. James Version, a slip of which I had thought even my subconscious self incapable.

Well, anyway, I spotted

I sometimes think the Pussy Willows grey
Are Angel Kittens who have lost their way

on sight as from "The Rubaiyat of a Persian Kitten," by Oliver Herford, and hasten to assure *E. G. B., Pine Bluff, Ark.*, that this adorable work is still in print (Scribner). And speaking of Rubaiyats, *S. W. G., New York*, who wanted to know if there had not been a new translation of Omar Khayyam from the Persian, will find that it is into the German language, "Die Sinnsprueche Omars Des Zeltmachers: Rubaijat-i-Omar-i-Khajjam," Stuttgart und Leipzig, 1909. I may be weak on Browning, but so long as the Oriental Department of Columbia University holds out, my Persian scholarship is something wonderful.

E. M. J., snowed up at Clifton Springs, N. Y., but able to draw at need on a college library, asks for news of Fulke Fitz Warine, "a Robin Hoodish fellow, quite the most interesting outlaw I have found in England, but very hard to track. Thomas Wright's 'Essays on Mediaeval Subjects' is the only book I have been able to find which tells about him."

FULKE FITZ WARINE, under the cold eye of the "Dictionary of National Biography," appears to have been several persons living in Shropshire in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, whose traits became blended into one of the most impressive of legendary outlaws and handed down through an Anglo-Norman *chanson de geste.* A French paraphrase, edited with an English translation and notes by Thomas Wright, was published by the Warton Club in 1855, as "The History of Fulk Fitz Warine, an outlawed baron in the reign of King John." No doubt this is in college libraries; a copy is at Forty-second street; another translation, by Alice Kemp-Welch, was issued by Moring in 1904 as one of the "King's Classics" at one and six. He is therein represented as a powerful baron who took arms against King John, leagued with the Welsh, and fought successfully until pardoned years after. The book is, according to Baker, "as interesting and almost as natural as a modern novel"; the scenes are laid near Ludlow Castle and the Welsh border, and many of the places can still be identified. He went back into French in 1840 as "Historie de Foulque Fitz Warin," and in "Das Volksbuch von Fulko Fitz Warin" appeared at Leipsic in 1906.

I have been for some time supplying this correspondent with romantic outlaws; so far the prize entry is "Eyvind of the Hills," a dramatic version by Sigurjonssen of an authentic Icelandic hero-story, and to my way of thinking one of the finest tragedies of recent years. It is published by the American-Scandinavian Foundation. Now I come to think of it, I could have told *E. M. J.* of a reservoir of outlaw legendry as yet untapped, in the *gaucho* plays and songs of the Argentine. Read "Three Plays of the Argentine" (Duffield), with E. H. Bierstadt's introduction, to discover a type of hero with the combined qualities of Buffalo Bill, Robin Hood, and Bertrand de Born. Other outlaws who have found their way into poetry or romance will be welcomed on behalf of this correspondent.

A. H. B., Peoria, Ill., asks if reprints of Gay's "Beggar's Opera" are available in America or England, and if there is an account of its history, here and abroad.

B. W. HUEBSCH publishes a charming little edition of "The Beggar's Opera" with stiff paper covers decorated in color by Lovat Fraser, but the one associated with the name of Lovat Fraser, with his scenes and magnificent costume plates in color, text from the edition of 1765, was published by Heinemann in 1922. Martin Secker's edition, as acted at the Lyric Opera House, Hammersmith, came out in 1920. As for its history, "The Beggar's Opera: Its Predecessors and Successors," by Frank Kidson, published by the Cambridge University Press in 1922, is imported by Macmillan.

"The Chaste Diana," one of the demure delicious eighteenth century romances of E. Barrington (Dodd, Mead), has for heroine the lady who created the part of Polly Peacham. Speaking of E. Barrington, it's no use to ask me, as people do every now and then, the identity of this author, and if there be truth in the rumor that another name for her is L. Adams Beck. In a letter to the Guide in which she shows a gratifying acquaintance with its workings, she asks to be forgiven if she continues to cling to her anonymity, "a possession very rare in these days and therefore the more to be valued."

G. V., Philadelphia, asks if the Damrosch Institute of Musical Art has published a text-book or description of the methods used in teaching little children the elements of musical theory and composition in play form.

MR. FRANK DAMROSCH replies that "our system for teaching Elementary Theory to children is still in manuscript form, but is to be published some time in the course of this year. It is being written and compiled by Mrs. Elizabeth Harris and Miss Mary Sims." G. V. tells me to recommend to those in search of elementary knowledge of the starry heavens "A Field Book of the Stars," by William Tyler Olcott (Putnam), for with its diagrams and directions "any novice who knows the Dipper when he sees it can easily identify any star-group, nebula, or individual star."

(*Continued on next page*)

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Points of View

Open the Door

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Since a flaw in a friend may not be tolerated while the same rift in an enemy is a matter of no moment whatever, I feel an irresistible need to chide you a little—yes, indeed, more than a little—for the haste or carelessness which permitted you to print the jejune and ill-digested review of Mrs. Conkling's volume of poems, "Ship's Log," in your number of January 24th. I have no idea who wrote the review, which is unsigned, and I may be treading on the toes of some intimate friend in objecting to it, but it must be objected to in the interest of fair statement and well-considered criticism. It is quite clear that your reviewer never gained the slightest idea of the essence of the book, that she (the review reads as though it were written by a woman) brought to it a temperamental bias so inimical to the whole attitude of the poems that they remained absolutely sealed to her, and all she could think to say was that she missed a certain lyrical touch which she had found in some of Mrs. Conkling's earlier work, which touch seems to be inextricably bound up in her mind with the age-old patterns of rhyme and metre. And here is where I blame you, for so inelastic an individual should never have been permitted to tap with the stick of the well-intentioned blind among the flowering borders of Mrs. Conkling's verse. As an expression of opinion the review is well enough; as criticism it is an insult to the intelligence of your readers.

I have no wish to open up the slumbering controversy as to what form is proper to verse. In the name of all the gods, let us stop measuring the intimate utterances of the human spirit, the sparks of colored fire caught from the burning bush of beauty, with rules and regulations. But there are many ways in which beauty manifests itself and to cry for one when obviously handed another is mere childish puerility. Criticism cannot properly be written by children, for children are always formalists and always intolerant; nor by the elderly suffering from a hardening of the arteries of receptivity; nor by the weary, who are momentarily deprived of both zest and judgment. Under which of these titles your reviewer must be catalogued is known only to you. But whichever cap fits the culprit, the injury both to Mrs. Conkling and to her readers is a serious one. To my mind, who am neither very young, nor very old, nor in the least weary, who am not even protagonist of any particular form, in spite of much opinion to the contrary, this is far and away Mrs. Conkling's best book, and I quite agree with Mr. Van Doren's opinion printed on the cover: "I recognize in it extraordinary vigor and competence." Mr. Van Doren believes "it will be effective with an important audience," but here I scarcely agree with his prophecy. The book is far too good, too gracious, too subtle for that. How many years has it taken Emily Dickinson to be effective with even a small audience?

What Mrs. Conkling has done in this volume is to achieve a perfectly original utterance, based upon a highly individual response to life—life taken as experience, as vision, and as sound. Far from her workmanship being careless, as your reviewer quite ignorantly assumes, I think I have never beheld a more carefully chiselled technique, a more lively sense of the value of words or the tones and cadences of speech, and certainly nowhere else in Mrs. Conkling's poetry do we find anything like the passion and glamour which are here in poem after poem, notably in the "Diary Written on Peony Petals" and "Variations on a Theme."

Your reviewer praises "Maine Woods in Winter" for no reason that I can discover except that it is written in blank verse, a form which she recognizes as legitimate. The other, infinitely better Winter poem, "Invernal," she does not mention—it escaped her. But all the things which escaped her can be seen by her criticism of the poem, "Monotonous?" In the first place, she leaves out the question mark in the title, thereby giving the poem no *raison d'être*. But stop, I will quote it to point my argument:

Not while you labor from gilt noon of a November day
Till ten o'clock of a brittle November night
To carve my love like a piece of ivory
Into a shape less difficult for you to recognize!

Your reviewer says: "It is to be regretted that the author has not put her work in a shape 'less difficult to recognize' as poetry. The 'brittle' night represents but the striking form of imagery that is strikingly inappropriate; and similar breaches of artistic taste occur throughout the book." Thank Heaven they do! For this "brittle" November night is admirable. What could better oppose the "gilt noon" of a November day—gilt, mind you, not gold, the full golden Midsummer midday is past, in its stead there is "gilt"—and what is a November night if not "brittle," crisp and withered with Summer's débris, a crackling blowing leaf? Mrs. Conkling's imagery is of the kind which springs to a highly sentient mind in close contact with the thing of which she writes. No modern poet is so conversant with nature's moods as Mrs. Conkling; that her expressions are startling is because they are so absolutely true. So, be it remarked, were Emily Dickinson's. I wonder what your reviewer makes of Emily Dickinson—but soft! Emily Dickinson, even if her rhymes are often no rhymes at all, but mere assonances, did usually write in well-recognized metres, therefore much is to be forgiven her.

It is curious and significant that one of the things which the French are most interested in in contemporary American poetry is its rhythms. But to apprehend a rhythmic contour one must have an ear, no doubt. No one has ever denied that the French as a nation are possessed of unusual critical ability, and no one has ever claimed any such thing for Americans. Indeed, at this moment, criticism in this country is at a distressingly low ebb; as to poetry criticism, it is the despair of editors, as you and I, dear Sir, know only too well. In "Ship's Log" Mrs. Conkling has let her sense of sound pattern have its way, and "H. D." is the only poet today who equals her in her feeling for cadence. It must not be forgotten that Mrs. Conkling is a trained musician, who after years of study in Germany and Paris returned to this country with the intention of making her living as an organist, a plan which only marriage prevented. In this volume, Mrs. Conkling, for the first time directly, has allowed her work to assume its natural rhythmic scope. And this is so, I believe, because it is the first volume in which the fusion between her inner and outer selves is in the least complete. This fusion is particularly interesting and deserves careful and sympathetic study. The very passion of the volume forced out of the circle some traits which had before been much more prominent, the rhymed pieces in the book could not quite get into the new stride, and the old was unconsciously outworn. Later, perhaps, Mrs. Conkling may gain an even greater mastery over both forms, the metrical and the cadenced, but here we mark a distinct milestone toward depth, truth, and music. The book is mellow with an Indian Summer glow, it pulsates with the hot ardors of middle life, which are not the fires of youth, but something sadder, richer, more devastatingly aflame. The poems are not all equal, but only a few seem superfluous. What does she say in "Variations"?

So you would have me come to life,
Breathe, burn, feel,
I who had learned listlessness.

In this book Mrs. Conkling comes to life, for all who have eyes to see beyond the shibboleths of the hour. Has our poetry criticism descended to a hair-splitting cackle of dogma? Shame on us then! Again I turn to her question:

Is color nothing?
Is it nothing to see a hill like a passion-flower?

Is this truly nothing to us? If so, let us turn away from art, from the soul, from our own cry of starvation. Let us kill our poets with chilly, inept little estimates, and dig them up fifty years later to hand them belated laurels.

Open the door of my mind
And come in!

she says again to her lover, to all who would be lovers of beauty. But to your reviewer let me say, "Not at home. Still your card shall be left on the hall table of *my* mind, at least, if perchance you care to trust me with it."

There is much more I should like to say of Mrs. Conkling's book, but this is not a review, it is a protest. I have been long away from the newspaper world, writing of John Keats, and my study of his life has led to the fullest realization of the cruelty of silly reviews. I protest, therefore, and thank you for the courtesy which allows space for my protestation.

AMY LOWELL.

M. M., Tryon, N. C., asks if I will write of "Biographies Which One Must Not Miss Knowing" like Lady Burne-Jones's "Life of Burne-Jones" and Mrs. Sterling's "Life of De Morgan and His Wife." It positively makes me feel chilly, says she, to think there may be others of the same high variety which I have not read. Possibly you may turn your readers on the subject of inspired biographies, a fascinating theme to be discussed by people rather well up on biography. . . . A masterpiece in biography is an unending joy.

MY most valuable contribution to such a discussion would be to tell all readers of this department to get a little paper-covered book by Wilbur L. Cross, Sterling Professor of English at Yale, called "An Outline of Biography from Plutarch to Strachey," lately published by Henry Holt & Co., New York. Until you read this you would scarce believe that anything that covers so much space in forty small pages could move without a trace of hurry, or that anything so condensed could give such an effect of spaciousness. At the end is a list of 124 biographies from the story of Joseph in Genesis to this year's autobiography of Mark Twain. I am glad that he includes the life of David in I and II Samuel, and if you read it in this new colloquial translation of Rev. Professor James Moffatt (Doran) as I have been doing of late, you will get it with a rush and sweep impossible to the statelier march of the Authorized Version.

The Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

M. E., Newport, R. I., is very anxious to find ten or twelve short plays of the sea as excellent as "Ile," by O'Neill, and "Moon Tide," by Colin Campbell Clements.

I FIND myself forced to adopt the method of the boy who when told upon examination to name twelve animals indigenous to the Arctic Circle replied "six seals and six polar bears." The works of Eugene O'Neill in "The Moon of the Caribbees" (Boni & Liveright) and "Thirst" will furnish plays that take place at sea, and seafaring men figure in several others; there's your six, and perhaps Mr. Clements has other plays of old salts to go with his thriller, the hair-raising "Moon-Tide," in "Plays for a Folding Theatre" (Appleton). But I do not know of others to put with them. "Outward Bound" takes place in what at least appears to be a steamer; Rostand's "La Princess Lointaine" for two acts is on the deck of a ship; one act of Masefield's "Tragedy of Pompey the Great" is on deck, and one scene of R. H. Davis's "The Dictator"; one act of J. K. Jerome's "Miss Hobbs" in the cabin of a boat. Oh, yes, and "Peer Gynt" has one scene in a shipwreck and one in the ocean after it, and "Pinafore" is on shipboard. I cannot say that this list offers anything but variety. The one-acts for which M. E. is looking must be suggested by readers of this department.

E. M. M., Brandon, Manitoba, Canada, is to address a group of college girls on avenues of work now open to women.

FOR the subject in general, "Women and Work," by Helen Bennett, (Appleton) is a book especially valuable to girls still in college and looking ahead to the best use of their powers and opportunities. Without making rigid categories, she indicates the types of mind likely to succeed in various types of work. For reports from the field by specialists who have succeeded in a great many trades and professions, the most comprehensive is "Careers for Women," edited by Catherine Filene (Houghton Mifflin). This is practical, detailed, and recent enough to be still good advice. "Women Professional Workers," by Elizabeth Kemper Adams, published by Macmillan for the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston, covers this important department of the subject with great care; it is especially good for young college women either preparing to start work, or suspecting that they had better start over again at something else.

A correspondent who asked lately for a book on vocations for younger girls to read will find the story "The House With Doors," by Louise Hasbrouck (Woman's Press), interesting. "The Girl and the Job," by Hoerle and Saltzberg (Holt), is another guidebook for younger prospective workers; in all these books changes in trade conditions may throw out quotations on wages, and they should not be taken too closely.

The New Books

Science

(*Continued from preceding page*)

TREE ANCESTORS. A Glimpse into the Past. By EDWARD W. BERRY. Baltimore: Williams & Wilkins. 1924. $3.

St. Bernard said "Trees and rocks will teach what thou canst not hear from a master." That a professor of paleontology at Johns Hopkins should be quoting in this book Bernard of Clairvaux, who set Europe on fire for the Crusades, is in no way remarkable, for Professor Berry is himself a crusader. More than any other scientific man, except perhaps Beebe, he has that gift of putting into attractive and readable English the significant facts of his chosen science. Such writing is a boon to the general reader, and of immense value to science. For, just as the crusaders fired the imagination of the world, men like Berry and Beebe bring to the reading public a story that transcends the crusades in interest.

Tree ancestors to most people would be likely to mean merely historical trees or some strange relic of tree growth like the Dragon Tree of the Canary Islands. Professor Berry shows us at once that all our living trees have their roots in a past so much more ancient than our oldest historical records that history becomes a very modern episode in comparison.

Tree fossils are not apt to interest the average man very much. He thinks of them mostly as pieces of marked rocks that some pathetically underpaid visionary spends his life fussing over. To all such this little book of Professor Berry's will come as a revelation. Here, for the first time in a popular book, one may read of the limitless significance of those bits of stone, in which nature has written an imperishable record of the drama of tree history. Many years of work the author has spent on this subject, and many and ponderous have been his contributions to scientific literature. But in this little book he has accomplished for the general reader the very thing that Bernard doubted—he has taught in authoritative and attractive fashion that lesson of trees and rocks which "thou canst not hear from a master."

REJUVENATION. By *Norman Haire*. Macmillan. $2.75.

LIVING ORGANISMS. By *Edwin S. Goodman*. Oxford. $2.

Travel

CAPTAIN COOK'S VOYAGES. By A. KIPPIS. Knopf. 1924.

Accounts of voyages of discovery made in former times retain a certain charm and freshness when all the ephemeral horde of gossipy and elaborately illustrated travel volumes issued every year has departed into the limbo of "publishers' remainders." Doubtless the reason is that these old books reproduce for our jaded imaginations something of the fascination and romance that lured these sailors and explorers forward to the unknown. We are, therefore, grateful for this new edition of the account written by a contemporary of Captain James Cook's life and work. Captain Cook was the greatest discoverer in his time and country, indeed one of the greatest in British maritime history. If this book by the painstaking but uninspired Dr. Kippis lacks the vivid reality of much modern biography, it at least presents us with a clear and detailed picture of eighteenth century travel and exploration. Its interest for readers on this side of the Atlantic will be increased by the fact that its hero was entirely a self-made man.

England will always recognize Captain Cook as one of her great pioneers of empire, but we are able to offer his memory greater meed of praise for his services to geographical science and for his work for the health and well-being of seafaring men. In a period when the conditions of life at sea were always arduous and unhealthy, often deadly in their toll of human victims, Captain Cook did much to improve the lot of the common sailor.

The account of Cook's death is pitiful reading and one is resentful of the mixture of cowardice and utter imbecility which was responsible for the tragedy—another sad example of the waste of noble human material through sheer stupidity.

MONT BLANC. By *Roger Tissot*. Medici Society. $2.50.

BORNEO. By *Oscar Cook*. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

AT THE ANDERSON GALLERIES

BOOKS and pamphlets, mainly relating to the American Revolution, from the library of Guy M. Walker of this city, were sold at the Anderson Galleries February 4. A few of the more unusual items and the prices realized were the following:

Moultrie (William). "Memoirs of the American Revolution," 2 vols., 8vo, original calf, New York, 1802. $29.

Burgoyne (John). "A State of the Expedition from Canada, as laid before the House of Commons," map, 4to, original calf, London, 1780. Accompanying this work is the original correspondence of General Burgoyne, addressed to the Secretary of State, relative to his command in Ireland, and imploring the King's acceptance of his resignation, together with copies of the replies to same, in all ten lengthy documents, dated 1782-84. $120.

Dummer (Jeremiah). "A Defence of the New England Charters," 8vo, boards, Boston, 1745. $30.

Evans (Lewis). "Geographical, Historical, Political, Philosophical and Mechanical Essays," original colored map, 4to, unbound, in case, Philadelphia, 1755. Rare with map. $110.

Gordon (William). "Rise, Progress and Establishment of the Independence of the United States of America," maps, 4 vols., 8vo, half morocco, London, 1788. With the Lefferts bookplate. $42.50.

Keith (Sir William). "History of the British Plantations in America," maps, 4to, half morocco, London, 1738. The author was governor of Pennsylvania from 1717 to 1726. $37.50.

Murray (James). "An Impartial History of the War in America," plan of Boston with portraits, 2 vols., 8vo, calf, Newcastle upon Tyne, 1782. $25.

Oldmixon (John). "The British Empire in America, containing the History of the Discovery, Settlement, Progress and Present State of all the British Colonies," maps, 2 vols., calf, London, 1708. $30.

Pownall (Thomas). "A Typographical Description of . . . North America . . . and the Middle British Colonies," map, folio, morocco, London, 1776. $50.

The library of Elbert A. Young of St. Paul, Minn., and selections from the library of Guy M. Walker of this city, were sold on February 2, 565 lots bringing $6,012.50. A few representative lots and the prices brought were the following: Mark Twain's "Writings," 25 vols., 8vo, cloth, Hartford, 1899-1907. Limited edition de luxe, $50; Defoe's "Novels and Miscellaneous Writings," 20 vols., 12mo, half vellum, Oxford, 1840-1, $40; Eugene Field's "Writings in Prose and Verse," 12 vols., 12mo, boards, New York, 1896, limited Japan paper edition, $490; Halkett and Laing's "Dictionary of Anonymous and Pseudonomyous Literature of Great Britain," 4 vols., royal 8vo, cloth, Edinburgh, 1882-8, $38; Bret Harte's "Writings," 19 vols., 8 vo, buckram, Boston, 1896-1903, author's autograph edition, $105; Kipling's "Writings in Prose and Verse," 28 vols., 8vo, cloth, New York, 1897-1920, outward bound edition, $57.50, and Motley's "Works," 17 vols., 8vo, levant morocco, New York, 1900, Netherlands edition, $25.

AT THE AMERICAN ART GALLERIES

FIRST editions of nineteenth century authors, the collection of Elmer E. Chandler, and a selection of duplicates from the library of Dr. Samuel W. Lambert, were sold on February 5. The highest price, $5,000, was paid by Thomas J. Gannon for the original manuscript of Stevenson's "Catriona," regarded as one of the finest manuscripts of this author offered for sale in this country. A copy of the original privately printed edition of Stevenson's play "The Hanging Judge," published in Edinburgh in 1887, went to Walter M. Hill of Chicago for $1,550. A copy of "Echoes," by Rudyard Kipling and his sister Beatrice, printed in Lahore, India, in 1884, fetched $1,150. A fine copy of the Kelmscott Chaucer went to Thomas Gannon for $525. An autographed copy of Edwin Arlington Robinson's "The Torrent and the Night Before," the author's first book, brought the record price of $350. Both sessions of the sale was well attended and competition was lively and many prices were high.

TYPOGRAPHICAL LIBRARY

THE typographical library of Oscar Aurelius Morgner will be sold at the Anderson Galleries March 4 and 5. This collection is rich in early works on the origin of printing and its development in different countries during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and there are many important volumes on bookbinding, paper manufacture, and kindred crafts. Among the items of unusual interest may be mentioned the rare first edition of Richard Atkynss "The Origin and Growth of Printing," London, 1664; the first edition of Schopperus's "Panoplia Omnium Illiberalium Mechanicarum aut Sedentiarum Artium Genera Continens," Francefurti, 1568, with 130 woodcuts by Jost Aman, in a handsome inlaid binding by Samblancx-Weckesser; Stradanus's "Nova Reporta," with its engraved copper-plates, of which only two or three perfect copies are known; Bigmore and Wyman's "Bibliography of Printing," 3 vols., London, 1880-6, very scarce when complete; Bodinis "Manuale Tipographico," 2 vols., Parma, 1818; Alfred Franklins "Histoire de la Bibliothèque Mazarine," Paris, 1863, one of six copies on China paper, formerly owned by Joseph Knight; Fry's "Pantographia," London, 1799, one of two large paper copies printed on vellum; Claudin's "Histoire de l'Imprimerie en France au XVe et XVIe Siècle,' 4 vols., Paris, 1900-13, the most important work on the history of French printing, compiled by order of the French Government; Johnson's "Typographia; or, the Printers' Instructor," 4 vols., London, 1824, a fine copy on the largest, thickest paper; Maittaire's "Annales Tyograhici," 3 vols., Hagae-Comitum, 1719-22; and Thomas's "History of Printing in America," 2 vols., Worcester, 1810, a delightful copy of the first edition, containing an autograph letter of Isaih Thomas, together with his bookplate engraved by Paul Revere.

The Lanston Monotype Machine Company has issued a descriptive folio booklet displaying Frederick W. Goudy's new face of "Italian Old Style" which is a beautiful piece of typography in itself. It was designed by Bruce Rogers and printed at the Rudge Press.

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The Phoenix Nest

PERUSING one of the thousand and twenty-five copies of *B. R.'s* "Famous Historye of *Herodotus*" of the sixteenth century, that now, thanks to *Alfred Knopf* is being brought out in America in the Second Series of the famous Tudor Translations,—perusing this sumptuously bound and printed volume, we say, we seemed transported into a realm beyond time where we heard the voice of the famous Halicarnassian, proceeding in the unfolding of manifold observations somewhat on this order:

Soe by as many dayes travell as yee take from Elephantina to Meroe, you shall come to a kind of people named Neuyorkers, which is to say clerkes of substance runnagate to the artes, which have a wyne unlawfulle to incharme and make drunken the senses of those who have theyre braynes in theyre bootlegge. Passe by water eight dayes voyage, till such time as you arrive at the chiefe and Metropolitane city of the countrey, the people whereof, only of all the Gods worship Bacchus, whome they reverence with exceeding zeale and devotion albeit in secret. These men being whilome souldyers in the time of King Woodrowwilsone are now busied at theyre sundrie taskes in a City of bricke layd and mortared together with leade and iron and foure-square stone most profitable and commodious, such as never Cyrus undertaking a journey to Babylon mighte have conceived thorough his wit. So huge is that City in bignesse that they which inhabit the middle and lower partes thereof are flatly ignorant of the delight and pastime and all kind of pleasaunt recreation of them that do inhabit the heights, or, as they say, the Morninge Side.

The language used in Neuyorke is not all one, but reduced and brought to sundry properties and formes of speech, there being some that do refuse to defile or pollute themselves with the idiome of the streete, being clepen Eyebrowes, and others of as devyne nature and deity, geving lyke honor and reverence to the Sunne, the Moone, the Earth, the Fyre, the Water, and the Wyndes, who do buckle and pray to Urania and in lyke manere to that devynity unknowne to the Aegyptians which they do designate as the Amurricane Mercury.

The Puritanes having held the dominion of Amurrica the higher for terme of 300 yeares, the fyrst that have made insurrection and rebelled agaynst them was Aychel Meneken, who behaving himselfe manfullye and couragiouslye in the behalfe of liberty shoke off the yoke of bondage, and delivered himselfe into new slavery and servitude to the Amurricane language.

The Medes dwelling here and there in the Mede el Oueste, scattered by villages, raise bothe corne, dourah and sinclairlewis, who earlie answered his father: Deare father I hold you excused, yet in my fancy I am takinge diligent heede to the manners of this my village being as I feele myself appoynted a judge to bringe salvaytion to these Medes. Therat the Critickes, moved with the good report and fame of hys Justice, came in flocks, having bene foyled and put to the worst by the injurious verdite of Senta Menta Listes respecting this londe.

Artemis of the Medel Ouesternes is called Willacatha, in Arabia Willa, by the Persians Catha. The ceremonies ordayned by them to bee kept and observed in time of sacrifice are these. They neyther set up any aulter, or kindle any fyres at all, omittinge also to dispute the booksayles, but being met together is one place do all abase themselves upon theyre faces saying: How much more is Willa to be honoured thanne Zonagale or Suckowe! Hail Willa!

And many of the Neuyorkers will worke their owne peril, laying open to each other the true meaning and sence of their dreames, having more stomache for sleepy fantasie even, and that in no defect of courage, than the Magician Freudanyung, who not long tyme since fel into a dreame which rightly foretolde and shewed him the great misfortune and misery wherein strayed mankinde for lacke of Psyko-analysisse. He being accepted as an oracle very auncient and of long continuance, his prophecy is now situate chiefly in this same Neuyorke, whether the Neuyorkeres at this time send to advise in their affayres, demaunding what they may do in this or that case that might seme most acceptable and approved of Freudanyung.

The cause why, in this londe, creatures unreasonable are so highly honoured of this people, I may not without breach of piety reveale; nevertheless about the beastes that breede and multiplye in the region, suche is their order. Such beasts as are tame and come to hand be clepen taxicabbes of which there are the yelows, the checkere, the greene, the redde, and manie of soundinge name. Foure moneths in the yeare, chiefly in the winter season, these seeke their monie from Men and their meate from God by the meanes of their meatre, whiche makethe the fare to waxe to huge and infinite greatnesse, the egge at the first being not much bigger than a goose egge, whence it is swollene by the quartere and the halfe of a mile. The Gunnemanne, too, hath eyes in the backe of his head, bobbed haire oft and teeth of passing bignesse. His claws are very strong and greate. Living in the taxicabbe, it commeth to passe that his handes are ever fulle of automatickes, which sleeeth and putteth to route the jewellere and droug-store clerke, despite of the coppes which chace and pursue these most odious and pestilent beastes.

The Neuyorkeres, it liking them all to leave some common monument or works behinde them to the continuance of their memorie, have wroughten a Laberinth or maze underneathe their citie, in whose great halles be dragones of fierie breathe continualle chacing and roaringe through the sundry turnings and windings. Also, above this Laberinth are pyres or towres of stone as the Metropolitane, the Woolworthe and the Singere, the seconde with pictures of many straunge beastes hewn out and carven of stone in its centraule halle.

Now the chiefe ministratoure of this citie is clepen Eye-lanne, who resideth not in this citie save at brief intervalles, but liveth chieflie in the hotte Southe, where sturdilie he swimmethe and chaceth the Golfballe because of controversy and trouble, intermedling and discussion of trafficke in the unquiete Northe. Leaving therefore his aldermenne in order and array, he withdrawethe himselfe asyde to the puttinge-greene, disporting himselfe with dauncing, and meditating those revenewes and pensions which every moneth in the yeare are duely payde and yeelded to the Crowne. And he lamentethe the pennes of the self-appoynted scribes. . . .

Which saying, the voice of the Halicarnassian ceased. And there was silence under heaven for the space of an hour.

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